

L'ALLEGRO



1910



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L'ALLEGRO
VOLUME IV, PUBLISHED BY
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DEDICATED
TO
ALGERNON JASPER AVEN
Professor of Latin in Mississippi College,
whose influence for twenty years
has served to guide Mississippi
men to Mississippi ideals.

An Appreciation of Algernon Jasper Aven



LGERNON Jasper Aven was born in Grenada County, Mississippi, on the 25th day of August, 1858. Reared in the country, in the days of Reconstruction, he received only such primary education as the so-called schools of those Chaotic days could give. But there was that in him which refused to be kept down by circumstance or environment, and so in October of 1879, young Aven presented himself as candidate for Freshman Class at the State University.

Here he graduated four years later with the Bachelor of Arts degree, standing among the first of his class and delivering one of the Commencement Orations. In 1889 he received the Master's Degree from the same institution. Choosing teaching for his profession, he was one year principal of the Coles Creek Academy, for four years principal of the Boy's High School in Winona, and then in 1889 he came to Mississippi College as head of the Department of English, being afterwards transferred by his own choice to the Department of Latin. During his stay in Winona, Professor Aven wooed and won Miss Mary Bailey, a lady whose birth, native ability and brilliant accomplishments make her a most suitable partner of her husband's fortunes. Their union has been blessed by one daughter, Miss Anna Ward Aven, who has inherited the charming personality and strong intellectual powers of her parents. Miss Anna Ward graduated from Mississippi College at the head of the class of 1905, having the distinction of being the only young woman graduate of Mississippi College. After taking a three years post-graduate course at Bryn Mawr, where she won many honors, she has accepted the chair of Latin in the Normal Department of the I. I. and C.

Professor Aven has devoted much time and attention to literary work, being an essayist, historian and poet of no mean rank. A frequent contributor to the columns of the New Orleans Picayune, his articles of philosophical and historical research have elicited much favorable comment. He is not a poet on the style of him who "lisped in numbers for the numbers came," but one who adorns beautiful thought and delicate fancy by means of broad culture and ripe scholarship.

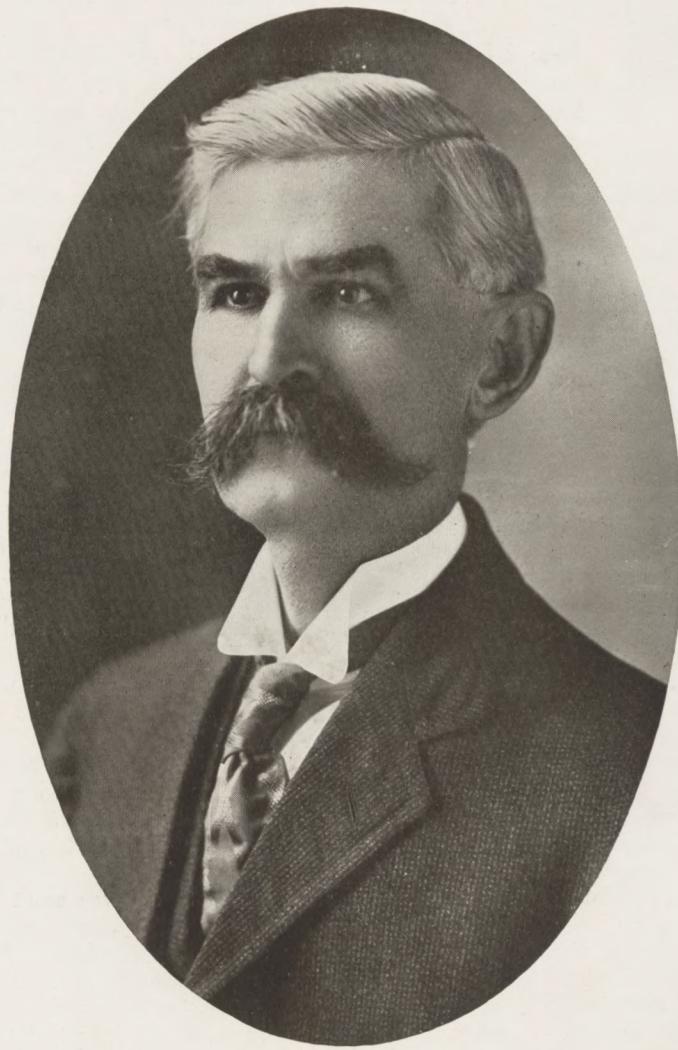
As a speaker and orator Prof. Aven is much in demand and he has given his talents liberally to the great Laymen's Missionary Movement, speaking effectively in churches and religious meetings from one end of the state to the other.

In his public and official life he exemplifies to the world the highest and greatest and grandest type of Christian citizenship.

It is impossible in the limitation of a short sketch to do even scant justice to the character of a man who has, for hard on a third of a century, been prominent in the educational, literary and religious affairs of our state. At Mississippi College, presidents, and faculties have come and gone but he has remained steadfast through twenty two years of storm and sunshine, refusing to leave the institution of his love and having the satisfaction of seeing it, after vicissitudes of fortune, take its rightful position among the great schools of the South. Besides his high rank as a student of the classics, besides the thorough and lasting quality of his class room work, over and above and beyond even these stands the gracious influence of the noble Christian life he has lived before all men. Patience, gentleness, tenderness, courtesy, honor and generosity,—there are but a few of the virtues that in him do have their being.

It may be that capricious fortune may never pour her golden tide upon him, it may be that the state will never sufficiently reward his patriotic services, but he will forever be enshrined in the graceful hearts of the thousands of young men for whom he is so freely giving his life.

—J. L. JOHNSON, JR.

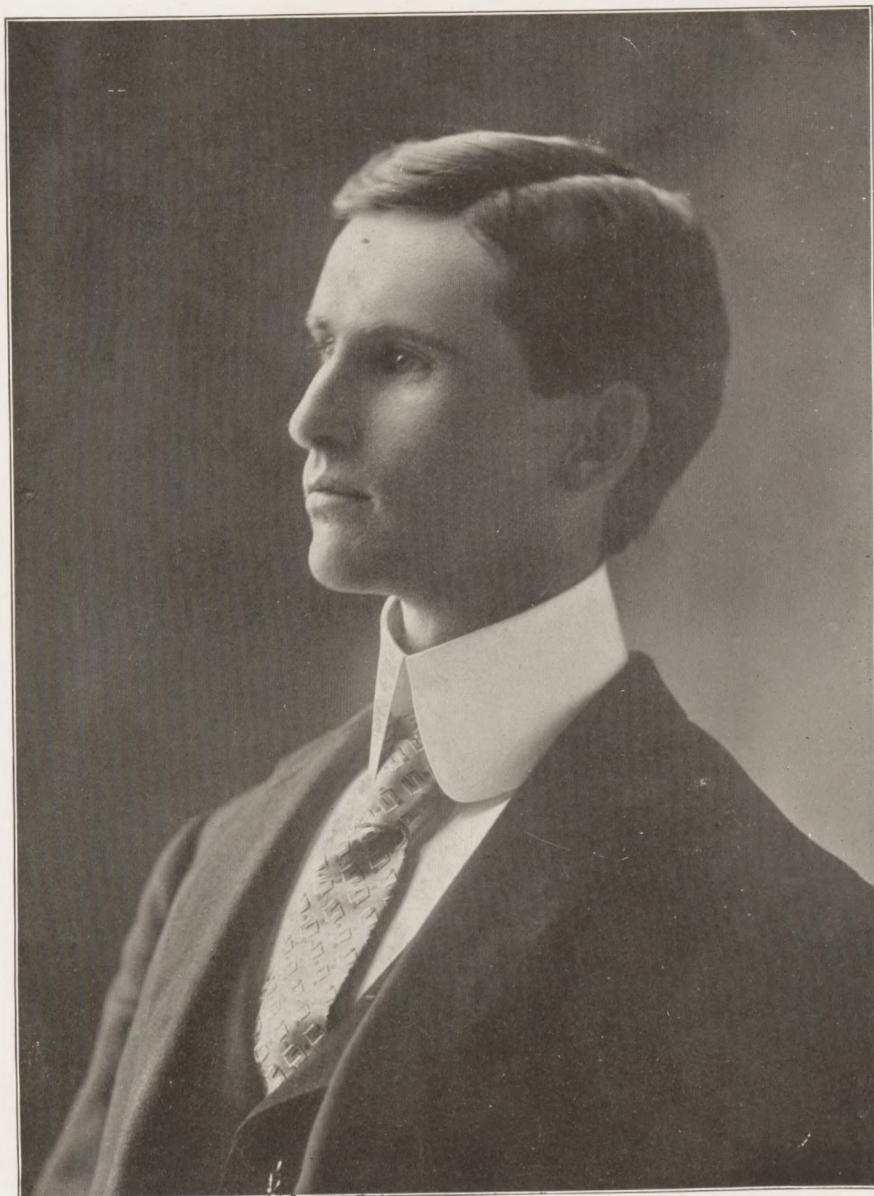


A. J. AVEN, A. M.
Professor of Latin.



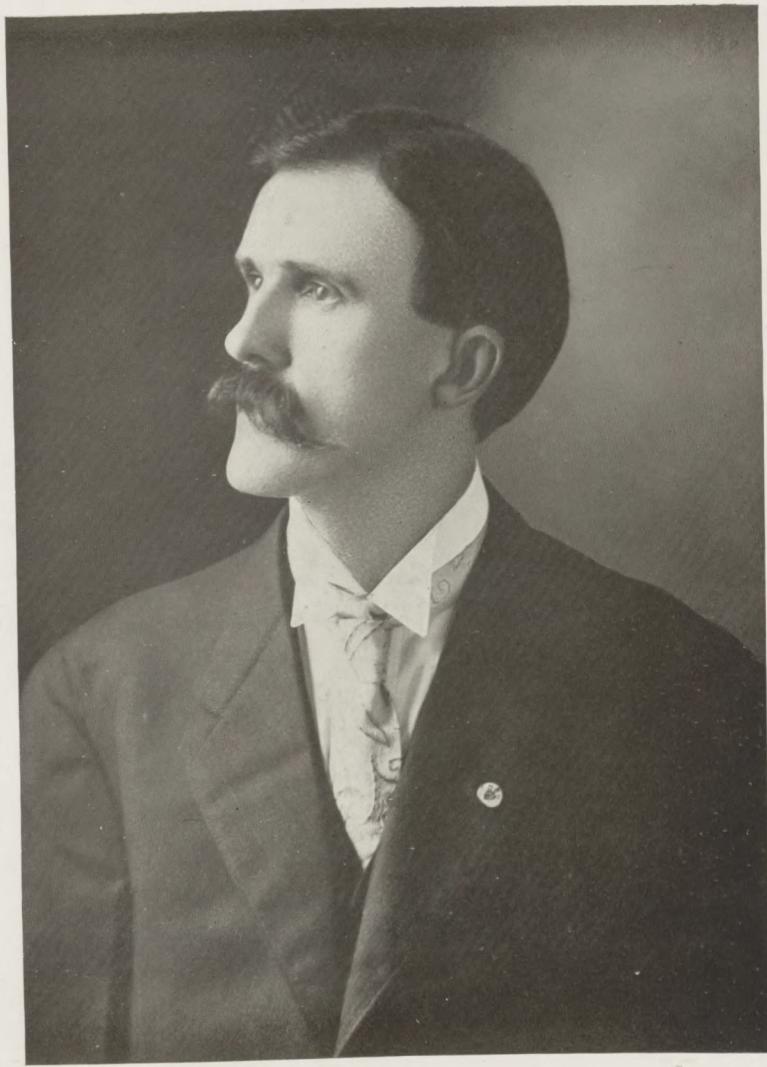
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Librarian.

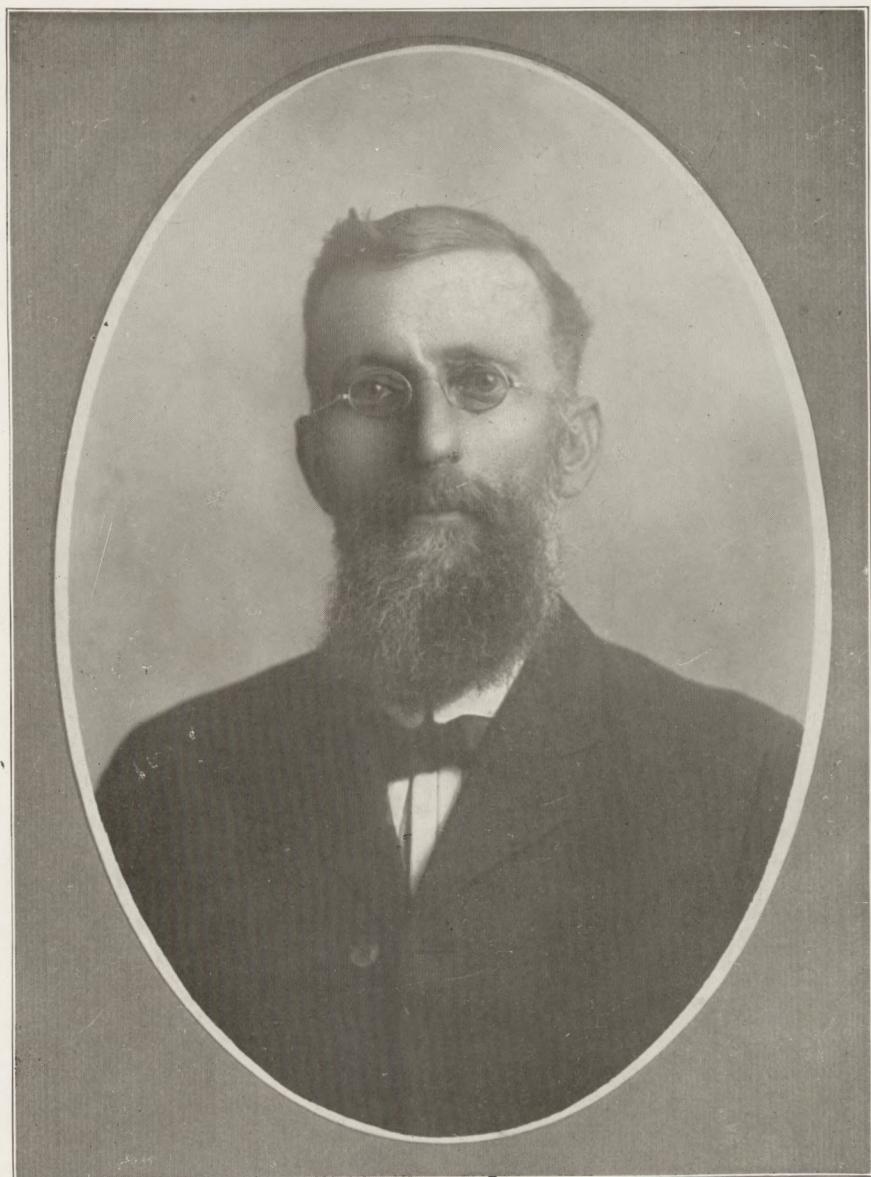


WILL H. WEATHERSBY, A. M.

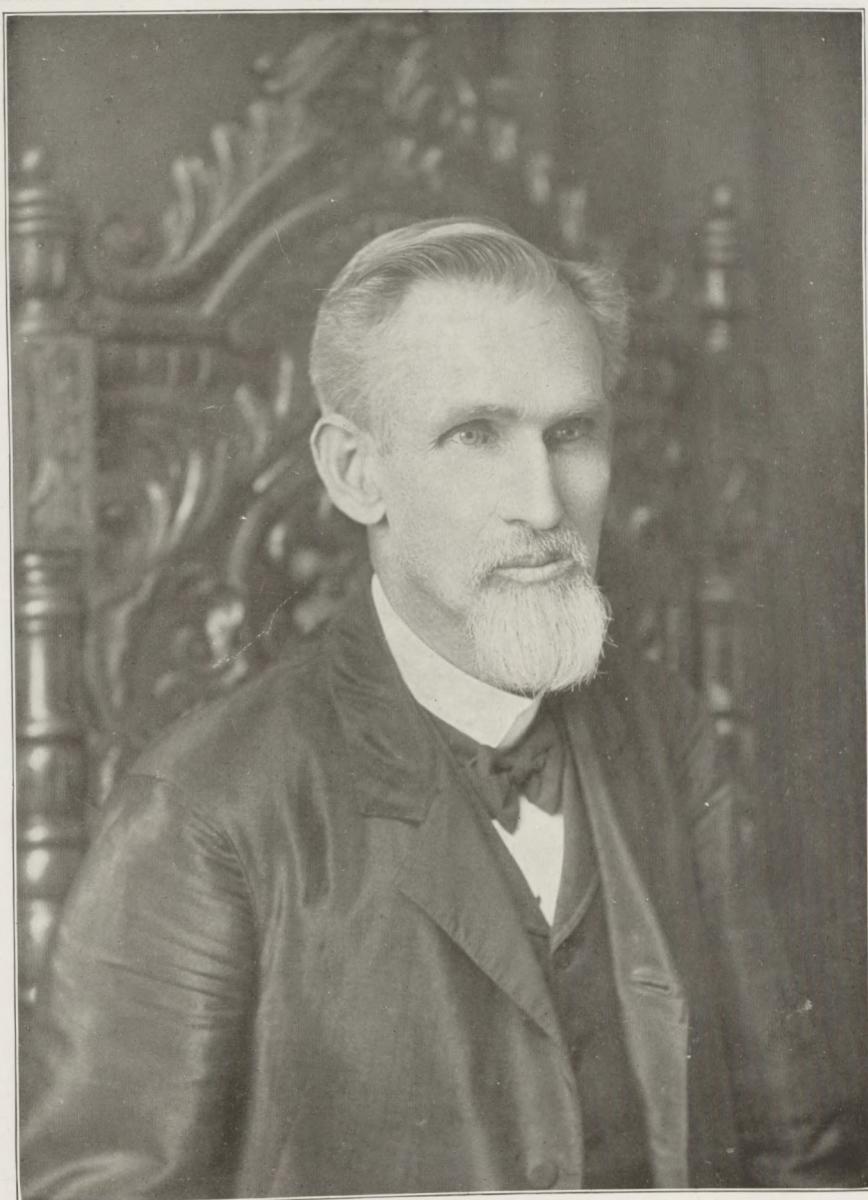
Assistant Professor English.



J. T. WALLACE, A. M.
Principal Preparatory Department.
Professor of Pedagogy.



J. M. SHARP, B. A.
Professor Mathematics.



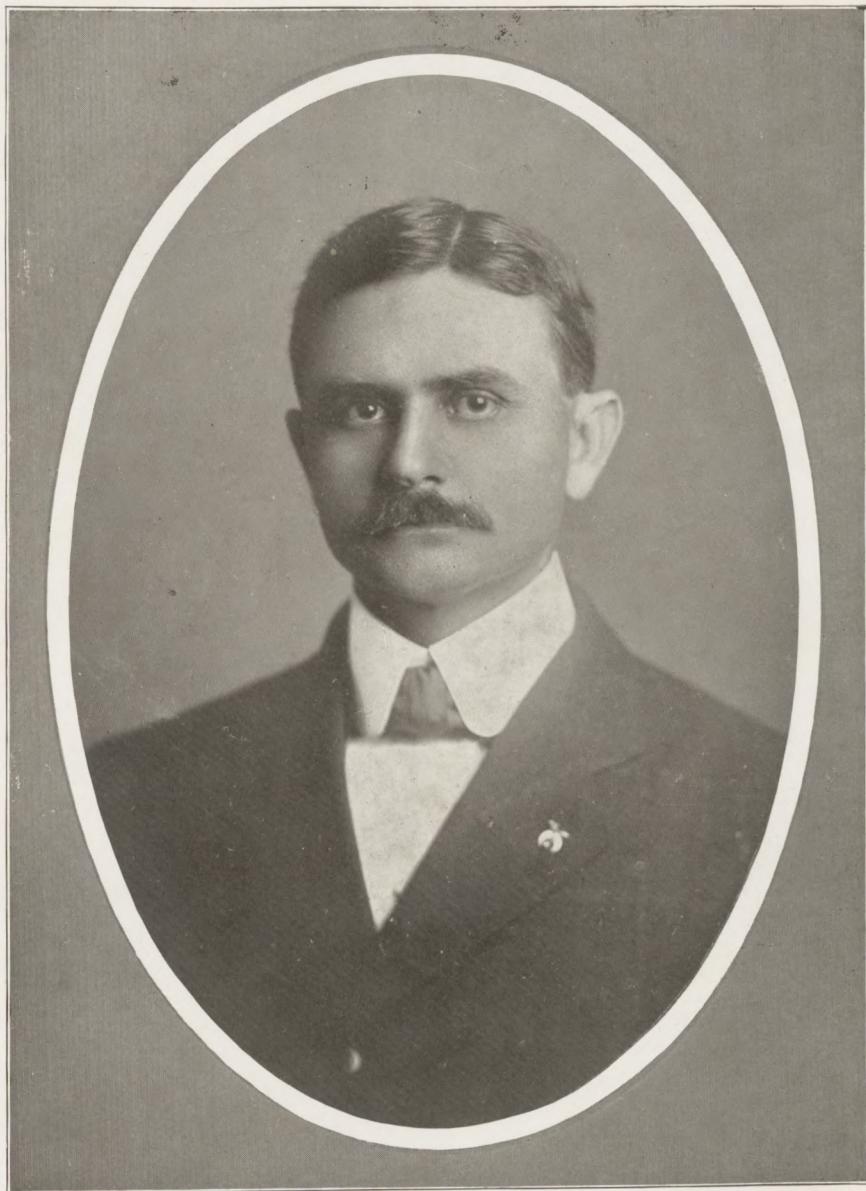
H. F. SPROLES, D. D.
Professor Theology.



J. W. PROVINE, A. M., Ph. D.
Professor Chemistry.



MURRAY LATIMER, A. M.
Professor Greek.

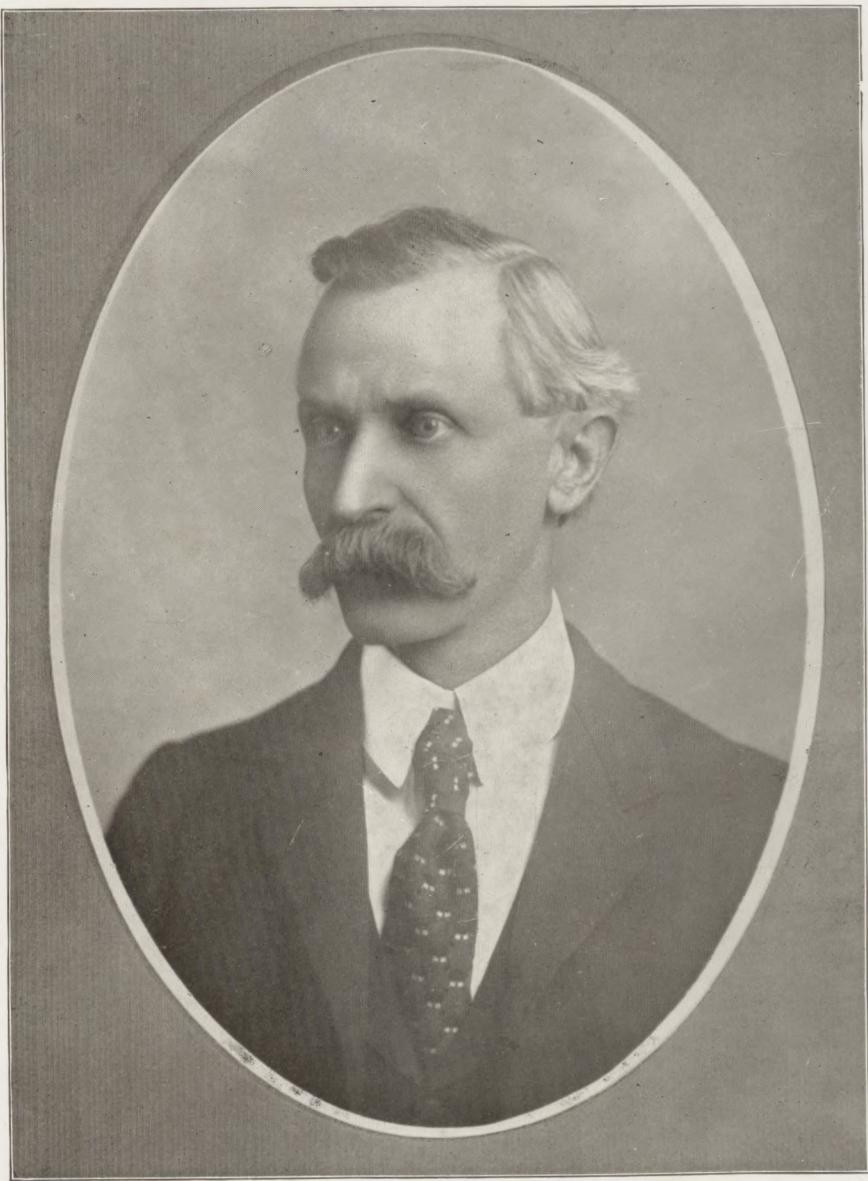


J. L. JOHNSON, JR., A. M.
Professor Modern Languages.



EDGAR GODBOLD, B. S.

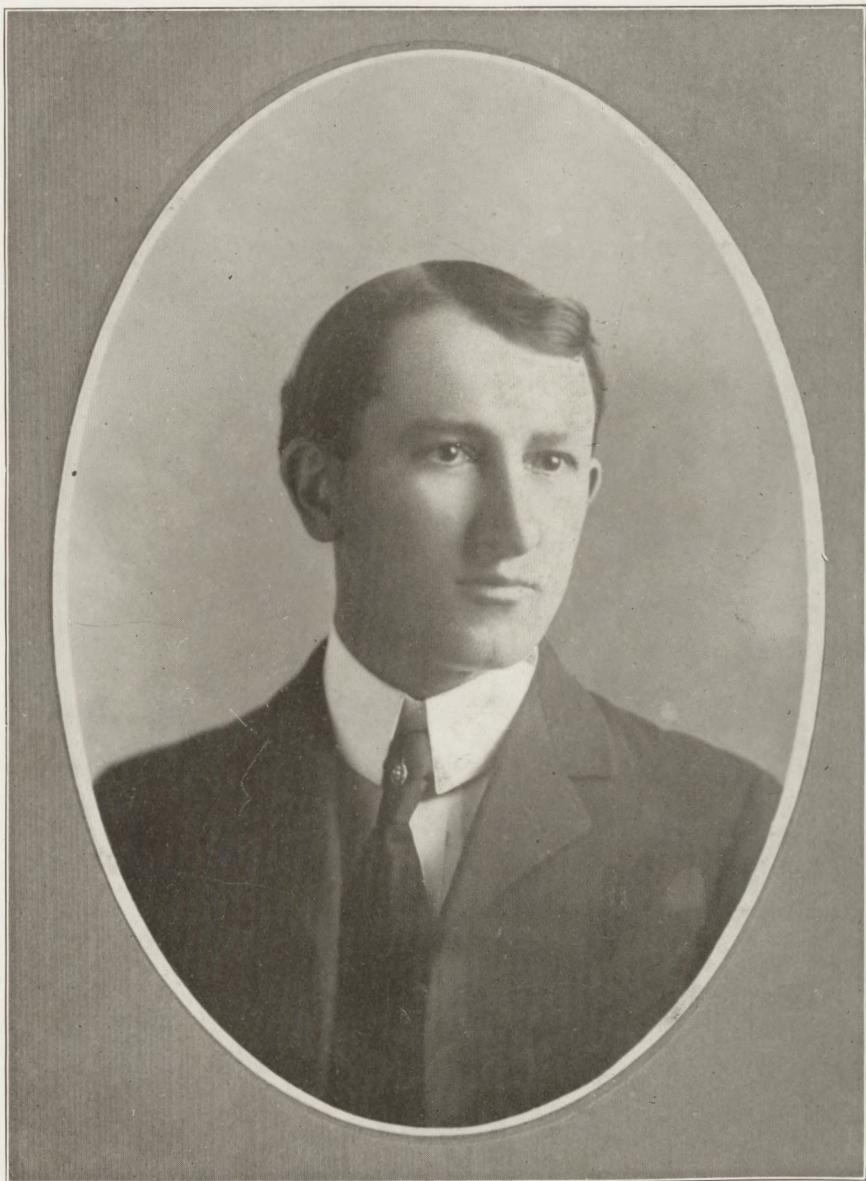
Professor Biology.



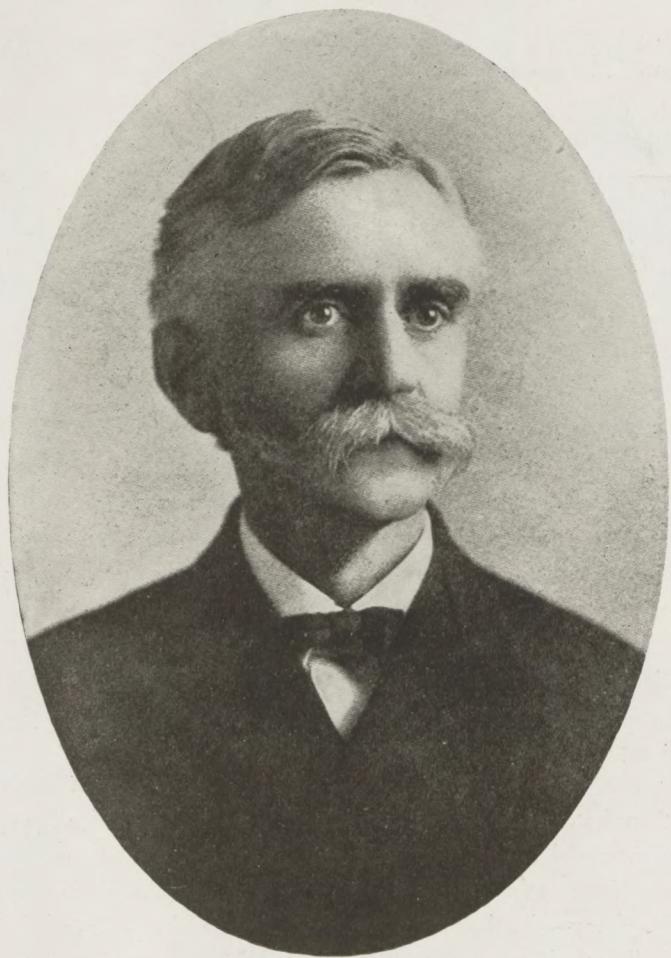
P. H. EAGER, A. M.
Professor English.



G. H. BRUNSON, A. M.
Professor History and Economics.



P. W. BERRY, A. M.
Professor Physics and Assistant in Mathematics.



W. T. LOWREY, D. D., L. L. D.
President.

FORWORD



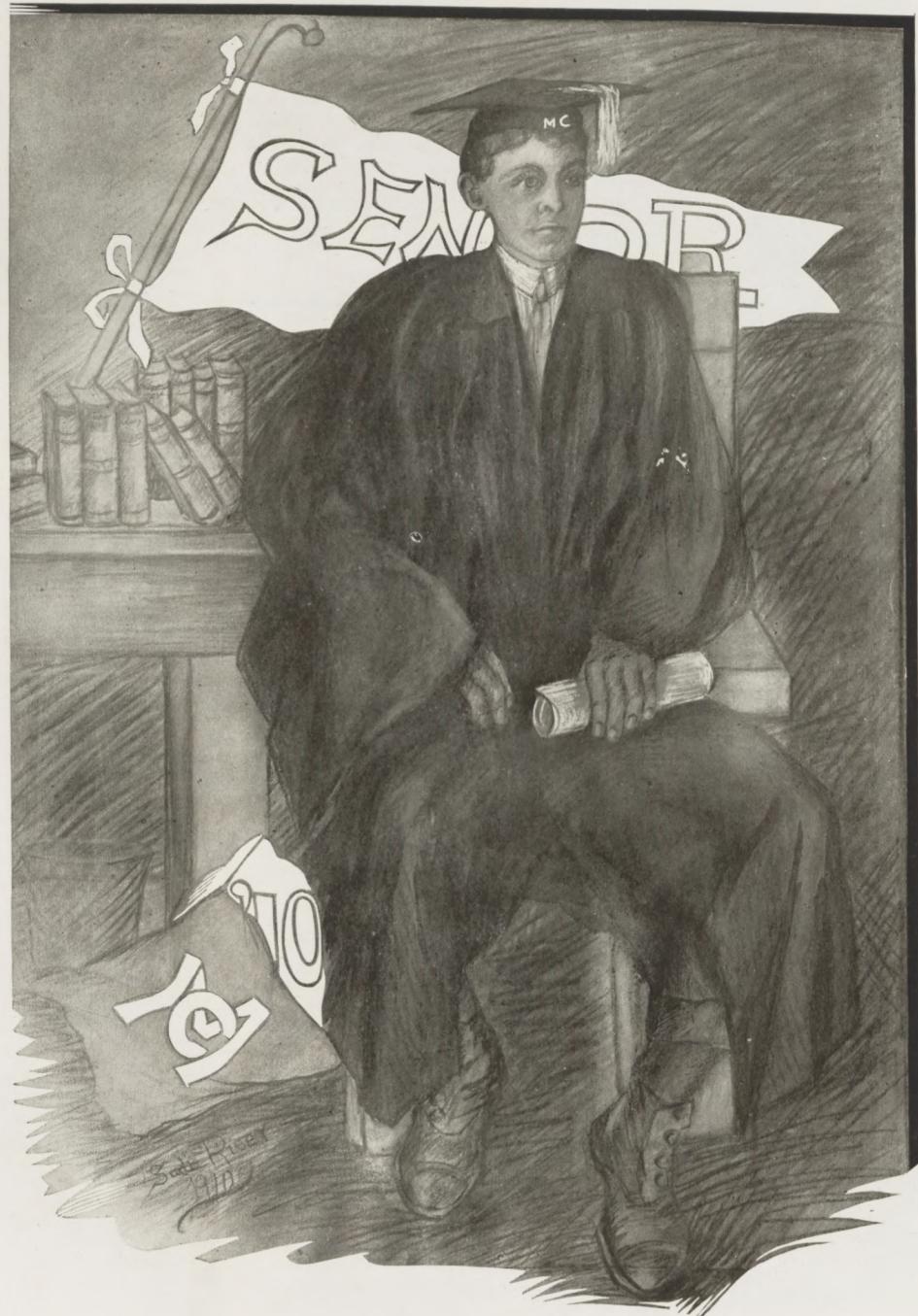
RIENDS, 'tis done! We lay aside the pen and hand to you the fourth volume of the L'Allegro. This is its Senior year; it leaves our hand with "Special distinction," not that we have made it so, but—alas—it has made itself distinguished,—as a liberal educator in the humanities. To you, our literary friends, we extend our "warmest words," who have rushed to us with your fanciful productions of "opium dreams." To you, our artist friends, who

have spent long hours waiting in our room in order to prevent the fruits of your facile pen, to you, we say "Nichts kam heraus." The charming manner, in which every student signed up with the Business Managers, made us tremble—we knew we would collect every subscription (?). Editing an annual is all the fun one needs—you, who have spent long hours waiting in our room in order to present the fruits of your facile pen, your subscription," for you, we wish you all to be editors some day and we say "thou fool go and live in a hornet's nest." In short, we wish to thank all, who have overwhelmed us with their nonsensical advice. 'Tis worth *your* time. We also wish to thank those, who have dared to approach us and in accents tender and in dulcet tones freighted with honeyed fragrance, have asked when L'Allegro would be out—it was of great service to us.

To thee, thou foster child of our midnight toil, we bid a fond adieu,—upon thee we cast our burdens and bid thee speed thy way to every heart that has paid thy price. Cleanse thy pages of the oaths which we accidentally impressed,—show only the saintly thoughts we had—if any—for thou knowest our vexations and their causes. We implore thee, O thou L'Allegro, do not represent us wholly; be what our friends and legal advisors expect, and stand as a memorial to our Alma Mater. We shall feel lonely without thee, and the days shall drag slowly by with unevened tenor, because thy blank pages will not haunt us, but away! away! seek thy destiny, O L'Allegro, adieu! adieu!

—EDITORS.







Class Officers

P. H. LOWREY	<i>President</i>
E. McMORRIES	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. N. HAMILTON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. M. SPAIN	<i>Histcian</i>
J. J. LOWREY	<i>Poet</i>
J. H. BUCHANNAN	<i>Prophet</i>

Motto: "Excelsior"

Colors: Cardinal and Cream

Flower: Red Carnation

ASHLEY, J. T., B. S.

Mendenhall, Miss.

"But to see her, was to love her, love but
her, and her forever."

We have here, ladies and gentlemen, a sample of Simpson County product; a quiet amiable fellow and possessed of discriminative ability. Tom, as he thinks, discriminated the fairest maiden in Hillman and set about at once to win the creature, and judging from his account of the affair, he has unquestionably made good. Tom entered college in the fall of '04, but after finishing Sophomore, dropped out a couple of years to teach school. He reentered in the fall of '09 to finish his degree with the class of '10. He is an earnest hard worker and is worthy of the high esteem in which he is regarded by all who know him. Sec. Hermenians, '08-'09; Pres. Hermenians, '09-'10; Bus. Mgr. Mag., '09-'10; Hermenian Third Orator, '09-'10; Pres. Scribes, '10.

BACKSTROM, J. L., B. A.

Richton, Miss.

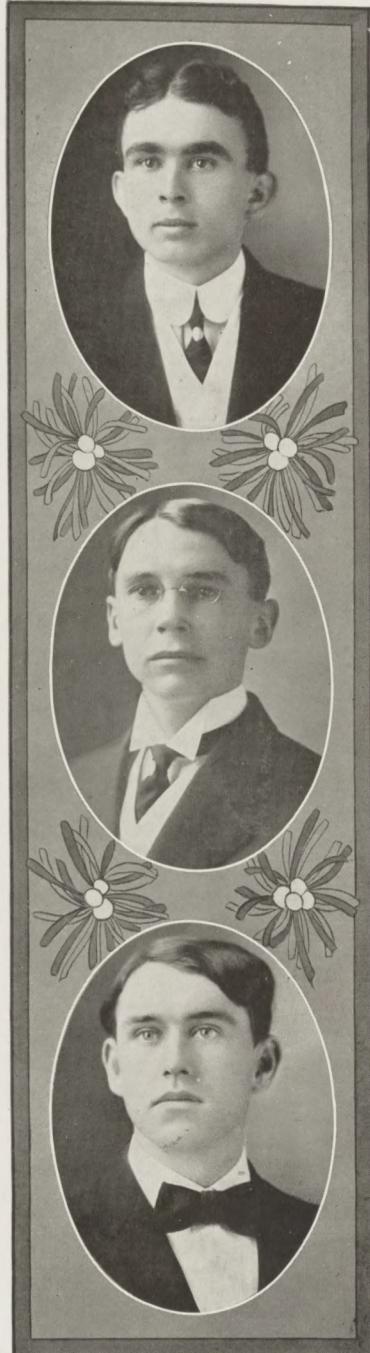
"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own."

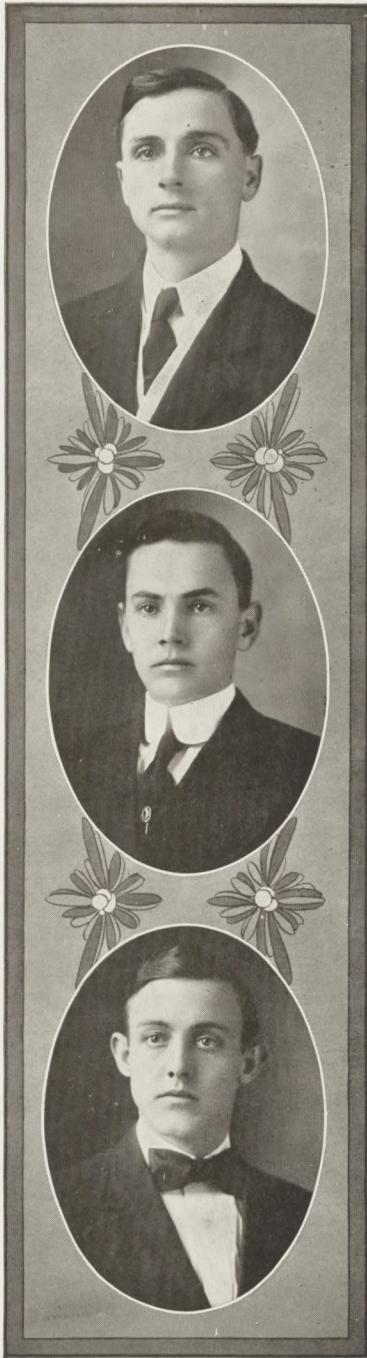
We suppose it was his purpose to be just one day ahead of the Father of Our Country for it was February 21st, 1886, when Lawrence made known his rights at Richton. The years between the date of his birth and school days at Poplarville were years of obscurity except to those of his family and immediate vicinity who saw in him great possibilities. He graduated at Poplarville High School in 1906, and entered M. C., as a Soph. the following September. After staying out one year to teach, he reentered College and now has "A diploma hanging on the wall." He stands for what is right in all student organizations, and may be counted on to do his duty always. He is called the best debater in College (?). He was sorry he could not enter the race against Vardaman for the debate in the recent contest. Jun. Football, '08-'09; Vice-Pres. Hermenians, '08-'09; Magazine Staff, '09-'10; Pres. Hermenians, '10.

BUCHANNAN, J. H., PH. B. Blue Mountain, Miss.

"His hair just grizzled as in green old age."—Dryden.

This stalwart brawny specimen of humanity entered this life at Blue Mountain nearly a quarter of a century ago. He first tried out for his mental improvement in Blue Mountain Male Academy. Having finished there, he entered the Sophomore class of Mississippi College, '06, but remained out one year. His career in college has been a most peculiar one. Although his experience with a little hatchet wasn't exactly like George Washington's, when he becomes a great man like George, it will be told of him. "John Buck" is a man that has delivered the goods. He is one of the strongest Hermenian debaters and was star fullback on the Varsity eleven, '09. Varsity Basketball, '07-'08, '09-'10; Varsity Football, '07-'08, '09-'10; Class Football, '07-'08, '09-'10; Class Baseball, '07-'08; Manager Varsity Basketball, '09-'10; Hermenian Second Orator, '10; Hermenian Editor-in-Chief Elect, '08-'09.





BEDWELL, R. L., PH. B. Raymond, Miss.

"Ambition is no cure for love."—Pope.

At Dry Grove, Miss., Dec. 24th, 1883, an unusual event occurred. Santa Claus presented one of his Christmas gifts. This gift went by the name of Bob. He has never been very swift in speech, but just the same, will he be winner in life. He came from the public schools and entered M. C., Sept., '01, and remained in school two years; High School Prin. for five years, then reentered M. C. In thirteen months, he made sixty six of the hundred points required for graduation. Class Liar, '01-'02; Philo. Librarian, '02-'03; Philo. Attorney, '08-'09.

BRIDGES, R. W., PH. B. Jackson, Miss.

"Troubles never last forever;
The darkest day will pass away."

When God created the heaven and earth and all the animals that exist therein, He did it for a purpose. Bob is an animal, though he was not created until July 15th, 1888, therefore he was created for a purpose, but who can discover it. Jackson and Florence High Schools are responsible for his knowing the alphabet. He entered M. C. in the fall of '06, and has patiently submitted to the polishing for four years. Captain Freshman Baseball Team, '06-'07; Captain Sophomore Football, '07-'08; Manager Sophomore Baseball, '07-'08; Manager Junior Football, '08-'09; Bar Association, '08-'09; Pres. Athletic Association, '10.

BURFORD, B. L., PH. B. Coldwater, Miss.

"One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning."

Christmas is the happiest day in the year, so "Beautiful" decided to present himself as a timely gift, on Dec. 25th, 1888, two miles south of Independence. As a boy he was different from nearly every other one in that he was good looking. He has sustained this enviable distinction with the passing years. He graduated at Independence High School in 1905, and entered the Freshman Class in Mississippi College in September the same year. He is popular in Clinton, Jackson, on the ball ground, and wherever else he goes. He is one of the best athletes and at the same time a good student. It is not hard for him to star in the Bar Association, although he is not a prospective lawyer. Class Football, '06-'10; Class Baseball, '06-'10; Varsity Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Captain Senior Football, '09-'10; Sec. Athletic Association, '08-'09, Pres. '09-'10; Varsity Baseball, '09; Sec. Doctor's Association, '09-'10.

CARTER, J. G., B. S.

Jackson, Miss.

"A safe companion and an easy friend."—Pope

We call this superb specimen of vigorous manhood, Garvin. He began his lengthy and authoritative inspection of the heavenly bodies in Lawrence County, in the spring of 1886. He recently announced that he had located a very bright and attractive star that is lighting up Texas, and that explains why she is called the "Lone Star State." Hebron High School gave him his thirst for knowledge. Desiring a deeper draught, he entered M. C. in the autumn of 1905. After vigorous pruning, she is ready to turn him loose on the world again. He is friendly and jovial. You have missed a treat if you have never heard the peal of his merry laughter. Varsity Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '09.

CARTER, J. F., PH. B.

Blue Mountain, Miss.

"There can no great smoke arise
But there must be some fire."

John F. Carter got, perhaps, his first "Intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood" on February 10th, of the ninth of the eighties at Cherry Creek, Miss. Whether or not on that day,

"The earth and every common sight
To him did seem

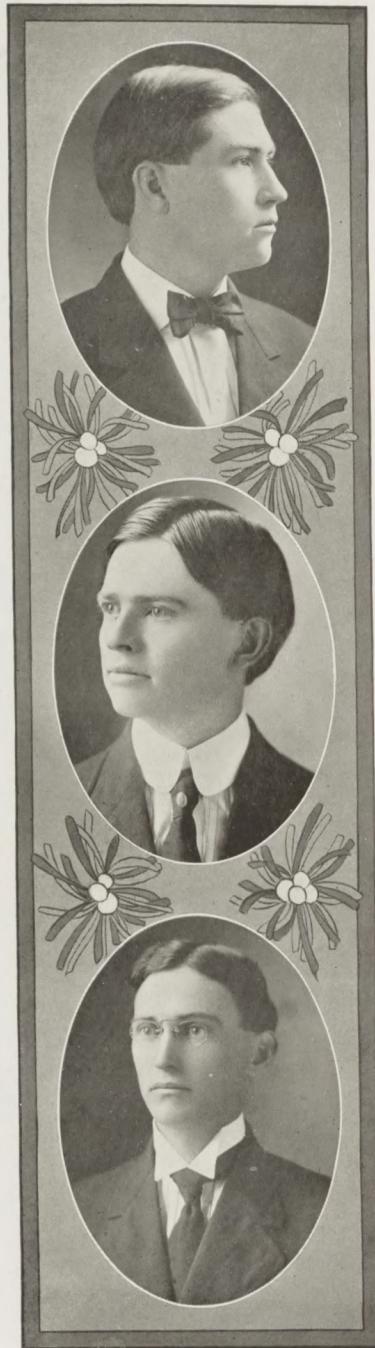
Apparalled in celestial light," he has at sometime since seen the light of that brighter land and is devoting his life to the ministry. His early education was gotten at Cherry Creek, and M. H. A. He entered M. C. as Freshman but is finishing with three years' work. He is a constant and thorough student and we predict for him great usefulness. Herald Hermenians, '10; Sec. Theologs, '07-'08; Pres. and Critic Theologs, '08-'09; Critic Hermenians, '09-'10.

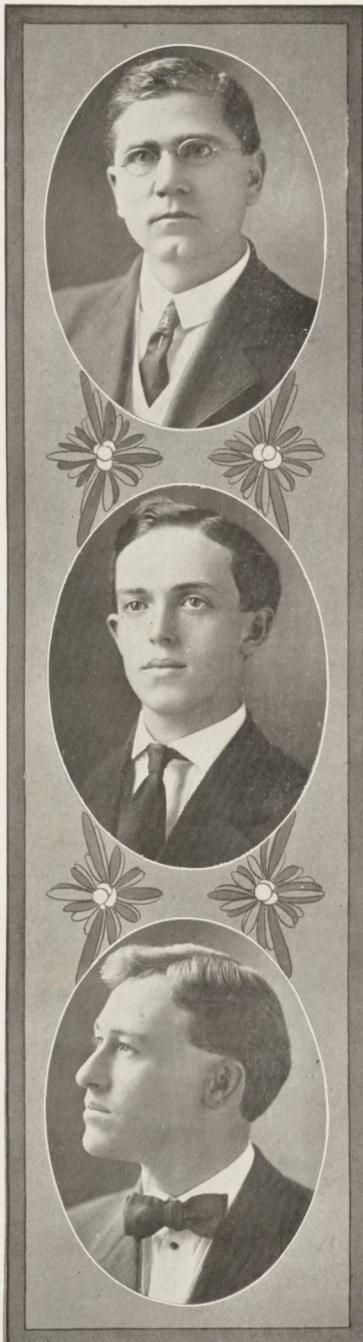
CRUMP, C. H., B. A.

Blue Mountain, Miss.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."—Fielding.

The gentleman from Benton! His name is Chas. Howard Crump. Three great things have happened in his career:—First—he was born. This was in 1883, also in October, also in Pine Grove. Second—he fell in love. Chronic, Severe. Third—he got an education and it was attained through such thorough, systematic study, that it made a man of this erst-while barefoot boy—a man that honors his alma mater. First dose—Blue Mountain Male Academy. Second dose—New Albany High School. Third dose—M. H. A. Fourth dose—1907-'10, at Mississippi College. Pres. Debating Club; Critic Hermenian Society; Vice-Pres. Hermenians; Treas. B. Y. P. U., '09.





CHAPMAN, J. A., PH. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

The picture you see is only half of Chapman. The other, and better looking half, is not a student of M. C. There is a syllogism whose major premise says: "Years bring wisdom," therefore, Chapman must have wisdom, since he was born in 1874. He has had a very hard struggle to get through school, but had stickability enough to overcome difficulties. Sylvan High School is due the credit of preparing him for higher work. During his stay in College, he has been, at different times, Sub-Marshall, Secretary, Vice-Pres. and President of the Theological Society.

CRAWLEY, C. L., PH. B.

Florence, Miss.

"The fear of some divine and supreme powers
keeps men in obedience."—Burton.

He came from the King of Mississippi and is a high Rankin man, so 'tis no wonder since of royal birth he became president of his class in his Junior year. Some men tell all they know and say nothing, but Carl says nothing and tells all he knows. The piles were driven for his temple of knowledge at the Florence High School, and in the fall of '06, the Faculty of Mississippi began the superstructure. His highest ambition is to be a ladies' man. Specialties are 'Stute receptions and sugar cane. The Class, the Faculty, the family, and the girls, are expecting great things of Carl. Pres. Jun. Class, '08-'09; Secretary, Hermenian, '07-'08.

COLLINS, H. C., B. S.

Myrtle, Miss.

"Time will reveal the man."—Anon.

Everybody take a look! This is "H. Clay" who has spent a great part of this decade in M. C. preparing himself for the office of County Superintendent. He is a natural born politician, having served as Campaign Manager for both factions of the Philos. He is a great chemist and is always chasing "Dutchy" over the Laboratory, asking "Doctor, what will this blamed stuff do if I pour it in here." Collins has taken a very active part in the Y. M. C. A. and other religious work during his college course. He has also shown up well on the athletic field. Delegate Y. M. C. A. Conference, Ruston, La., '04-'05; Philo. Treas., '03-'04; Y. M. C. A. Treas., '08-'09; Philo. Vice-Pres., '09-'10; Senior Football, '09-'10; Class Poet, '08-'09.

CASEY, M. B., PH. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"I won't quarrel with my bread and butter."

One frosty October morning some eighteen years ago, after a microscopic examination, the citizens of Washington county and the little city of Hollondale, were apprised of the fact that their population had been largely (?) increased. And away across in distant Palestine a historic character of years gone by, Zacheus by name, turned over in his grave and murmured: "At last my rep is lost," and then sank back into his eternal sleep. Morson Bruce Casey graced for the first time the Prep Hall in the fall of '05, and from the throes of "predom" he has worked his way unceasingly and untiringly up until the coveted sheepskin is now in view. He goes out being the least in statue, the least in age, yet with the opportunity of being the greatest of the mental giants.

DAVIS, W. F., B. A.

Plattsburg, Miss.

"The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world."

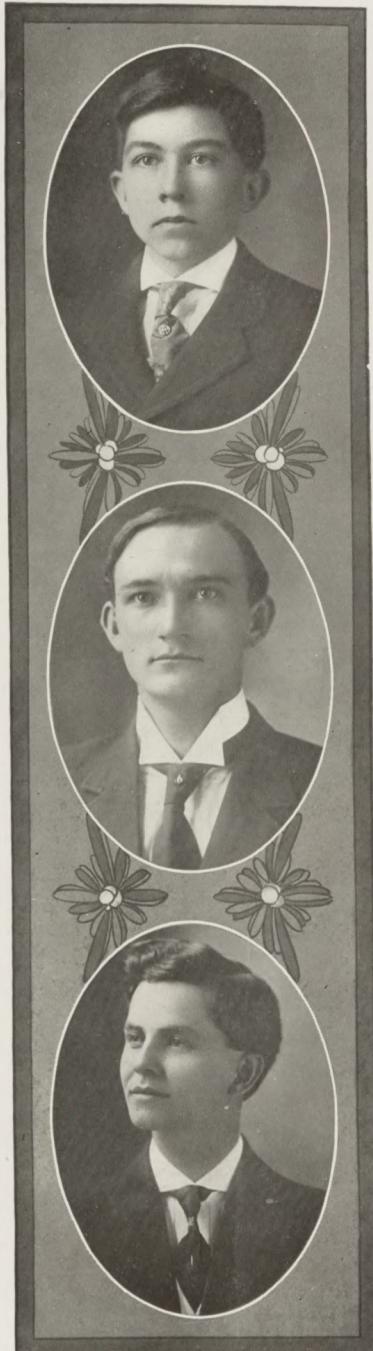
That "Big" Davis was ever a baby seems strange, yet it is said he started life as such at Plattsburg, Miss., Jan. 21st, 1888. He took his birth year as his motto and ate, ate, ate, until he reached his present dimensions. Perhaps that's why he has played guard on the Varsity Football and center on Varsity Basketball. His early training was received at the Winston County High School and he entered M. C. in the fall of 1906. His bulldog jaw is not without meaning and the qualities that it indicates may stand him in good stead in his chosen profession, law. Soph. Football, '07-'08; Junior Football, '08-'09; Senior Football, '09-'10; Varsity Football, '08-'09; Tennis Team, '08-'09; Pres. Philos, '10; Varsity Basketball, '10.

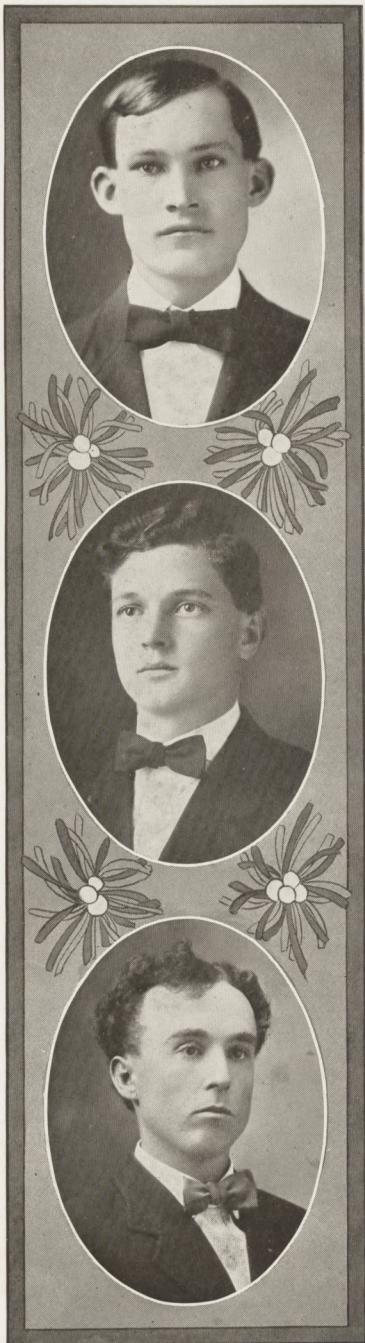
FRANKLIN, L. C., PH. B.

Eupora, Miss.

"O tempore! O mores! Senatus haec intellegit, consul videt; hic tamen vivit. Vivit? immo vero etiam in senatum venit."—Cicero.

Some one has said an orator is born, not made. In a sense, this is true, but one must qualify and distinguish himself. It was on the 18th of July, 1886, in Choctaw County, when Cicero came to light. His parents had little hopes for him while a youth, as he was somewhat hard-headed and stubborn, but he entered Bennett Academy in '02, and the future began to brighten. At the close of the first year, he won the highest medal awarded by the institution for oratory. Here he remained two years and was then possessor of a sheepskin from that institution. He entered M. C. in the fall of '06, as a freshman. His record since that time is as follows: Philo. Sec., '07; Winner of Farr Medal, '07; Freshman class orator; Philo. Vice-Pres., '08; Philo. Attorney, '08; Winner of Hewitt Medal, '08; Philo. fall orator, '09; Bus. Mgr. L'Allegro, '09; Crystal Springs Chautauqua representative, '09; Winner of Trotter medal, '09; Pres. Philo. Society, '09; Anniversarian, '10; Representative State Oratorical Contest, '10.





GATES, J. V., PH. B. Crystal Springs, Miss.

"Give me a lever long enough and a prop strong enough, I can single handed move the world."—Archimedes.

This stalwart, gawky specimen of humanity first entered upon his famous career of life July the 18th, 1887, near Crystal Springs. Crystal Springs High School, Boys High School, and various other Preparatory Institutions of Copiah county have the honor of claiming him as their former student. "Sox" entered upon his college life in the fall of '06. There are a few things about books that "Sockless" doesn't know, but when a man is needed to fight the gridiron battles, or a twirler for the Varsity nine, who will face the jeering shouts and clamors of an ignominious foe with the cool-headedness of a Spartan hero: "Sox" is the man. Class Football from '06 to '10; Class Baseball, '07 to '10; Varsity Football, '06 to '10; Varsity Baseball, '08 and '09; Mgr. Sr. Football Team; Capt. Jun. Football; Ass't. Mgr. Varsity Football, '09-'10; Mgr. Varsity Baseball Team, '09-'10; Sec'y.-Treas. "Long distance club," '09-'10.

GRESHAM, W. WALTON, B. A. Indianola, Miss.

"No man is shut against great genius."—Seneca.

"Wise Walton" was born March 18th, 1892, in the land of the "cooters." His early school days were spent in the Indianola High School. By almost exhausting his imagination, he concluded that he was endowed with a great intellect. Acting upon this belief, he turned his attention M. C.—ward, where he entered in the fall of '06. His career in college has been a noted one, as he is the only fellow that has held the highest esteem of the faculty and at the same time being a show fiend. To go to a show is the only thing he had rather do than make a hundred on an examination. His wholesome smile and soothing voice makes him a lady's man of the first degree. He is one of our youngest men and at the same time has made a record that ranks among the very highest of the class. Hermenian Sec., '07-'08; Class Sec., '08-'09; Corresponding Sec. Hermenian Society, '03-'09; Treas. Hermenian Society, '09-'10; Manager Lightweight Football Team, '09-'10; Senior Football, '09-'10; Art Editor L'Allegro, '10; Pres. 500 Club.

GRISCOM, W. M., PH. B. Summerland, Miss.

"If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be."

This is Bill, the "Sullivan Hollowite." They tell us that down there people are placed in stalls and given horse food to eat, but, somehow, Bill absorbed human instinct and later decided to come to M. C. His best known characteristics are his winning gr—smile, and amiable disposition. He was never known to carry less than ten studies at a time. All over seventy-five on exams, Bill considers as waste product. He has done a great part of his work during the summer. This year he is out teaching, but has consented to appear during commencement. Member Class Football, '08-'09.

HENDERSON, J. J., B. A.

Pontotoc, Miss.

I shall show the cinders of my spirits through
the ashes of my chance."—Shakespeare.

If J. J. Henderson doesn't become Treasurer of the United States some day, it will not be because he lacks proper training. "Janitor" has been treasurer of everything in College except the Theologs and Dutchy's cane patch. An infantile strain verging on lamentation about a quarter of a century ago announced to the city of Pontotoc that "Janitor" had arrived. After persuing the ink stained pages of Reading, Riting, Rithmetic at Pontotoc High School, he entered M. C. in '05 to extend his knowledge and run the Bank of Clinton. He dropped out to straighten out the kinks of Pontotoc's commercial life, and re-entered the following year. He is one of the strongest men in the Senior line-up. His thoroughness in his classes and his genial disposition have won for him the admiration and friendship of both the Faculty and the student body. We confidently await his brilliant future. Cor. Sec'y. Hermenians, '07-'08; Treas. '08-'09; Treas. Ath. Association, '08-'09; Junior Prophet; Mgr. Sen. Baseball Team, '09-'10; Bus. Mgr. L'Allegro, '09-'10; Distinction.

HOLLOWELL, T. C., PH. B.

Zeiglerville, Miss.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Keats.

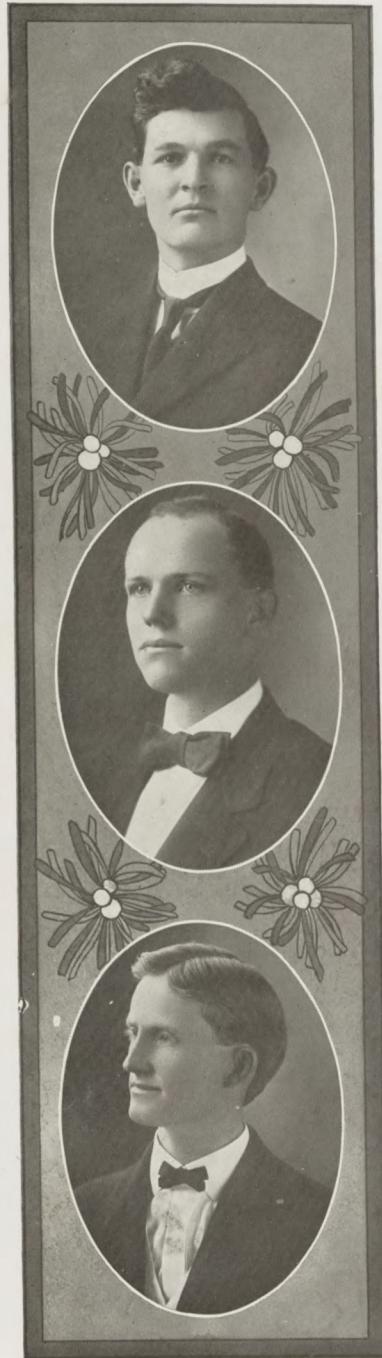
This "Tom Cat" first mewed one frosty morning, Dec. 15th, 1886. The particulars of the case are unknown, but it must be true, that he began at an early age to use the hoe and plow. Being non-possessed of fine personal appearance, he is a great admirer of the beautiful—ladies. He soon saw, if he were to be a lady's man, he would have to rub off the rust and polish up, so he attended Steen's Creek High School three years, after which he entered M. C. in '06, and remained until he received his "Dip." Class Football, '09-'10. His ambition—to save money.

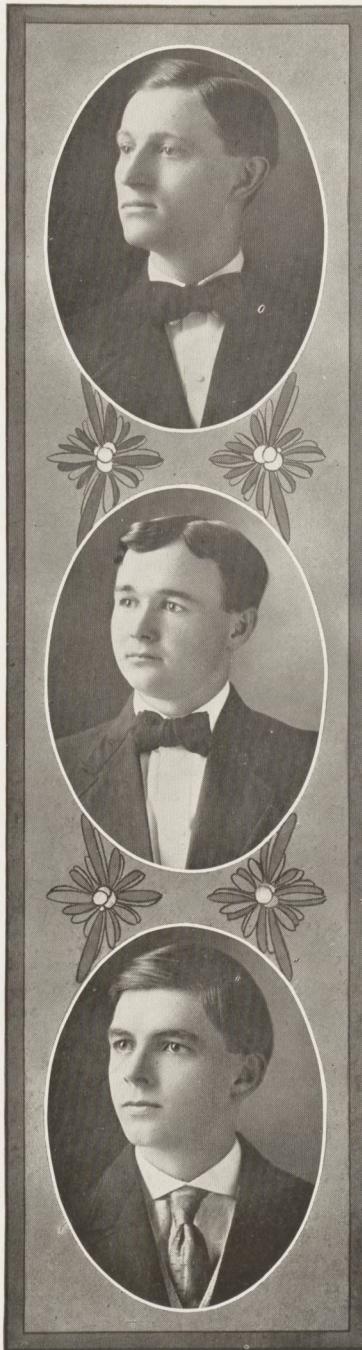
HAMILTON, W. N., PH. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"As you are old and reverend, you should be wise."

On a bright July morn in 1880, Hamilton was seen in the universe for the first time. He decided while quite young, that he needed a "Frau" to help him fight the battles of life, so he has been wearing double harness several years. Dr. Spot said he never saw a person whose hair glittered that was lazy. Therefore, Hamilton must be industrious. His stay in College has not been a bed of roses, but one of toil and struggle. He is one of the best and most conscientious ministers the College has ever turned out. His entrance to M. C. was in the fall of '04. He ran the ministers' hash house, 1908-'10; Second Orator Theologs, '09; Sec.-Treas. Sen. Class, '10.





JOHNSON, C. D., B. A.

Banner, Miss.

"He is an eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately."—Cicero.

The first echoes of his melodious voice were heard in Calhoun County twenty-one years ago. His early school training was secured in his native country and at the Military Academy at Water Valley. He entered Mississippi College and has won a prominent place with both Faculty and student body. His highest aspiration seems to be to make good in English. His efforts have not been in vain for he is not surpassed by any man in school as a writer and orator. He was the first Junior that ever represented M. C. in the State Contest, and won first place on manuscript. Philo. Sec., '08; Vice-Pres. '09; Critic, '09; Mgr. Glee Club, '10; Mixed Quartette, '10; Representative Ruston Students' Conference, '09; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '10; Pres. Y. M. C. A., '10; Philo. Pres., '10; Vice-Pres. M. I. O. A., '10; Upshaw Medal, '08.

JAMES, W. W., B. A.

Montrose, Miss.

"Could I love less, I should be happier now."

When the fields were white already to harvest and cotton pickers were somewhat scarce at Montrose, Jasper County, Miss., the subject of this sketch put in his appearance on Oct. 2nd, 1888, to render whatever assistance he could. It is said that a good field hand was ruined when he entered school. He graduated at Montrose High School in 1907, and entered the Soph. Class of Mississippi College in the fall of the same year. He is a good debater, a loyal Hermenian and has never been known to lose a case in court since his admittance to the Bar Association. He is going to be an honest lawyer and his past indicates his future success. His hobby is driving the quill. Hermenian Attorney, '08-'09; Pres. Jasper County Club, '08-'09; Class Football, '08-'09; Scrub Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., '09-'10; Literary Editor *L'Allegro*, '09-'10; Bar Association, '08-'09; Vice-Pres. B. Y. P. U., '08-'09; Senior Football, '09-'10; Distinction.

KETHLEY, J. L., B. S.

Clinton, Miss.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betrays, as shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1891, Loyal made his first appearance in this world. He "shot straight up like a sapling" until now he is admitted into the Six-foot-two Club. Crystal Springs High School has the credit of first instructing him in wisdom's ways. Entered M. C. '03-'04 as a Jun. Prep. He is one of the few who has fought manfully the long, hard struggle. Loyal has a smile that won't rub off. He has won many friends among both Faculty and student body. We predict great things for him as an electrical engineer. Prep. Fool, '04-'05; Basketball, '08-'09; Track Team, '08-'09.

LASSETTER, J. M., B. A. Harperville, Miss.

"I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."
—Goldsmith.

The song birds were warbling their sweetest lay, and all nature seemed to be in holiday attire, when the subject of this sketch made his appearance on the morning of the 25th of April, 1888. From his swiftness of foot and marvelous endurance, which have won him no little success as a track athlete, we are forced to the conclusion that he spent a great part of his time during his early boyhood chasing the "molly cotton tail," and in other boyish sports. He has unquestionably "made good" during his stay here, and we feel confident that his star will shine all the brighter, when he gets out and begins life in real earnest. Hermenian Sec., '07-'08; Pres., '09-'10; Bar Association, '03-'09; Jun. Baseball, '08-'09; Light weight Football, '08-'09; Tennis, '08-'09; Track, '08-'09; Mgr. Tennis Club, '09-'10; Capt. Sr. Baseball, '09-'10; Chief Ed. College Magazine, '09-'10.

LEWIS, C. D., B. A. Neshoba, Miss.

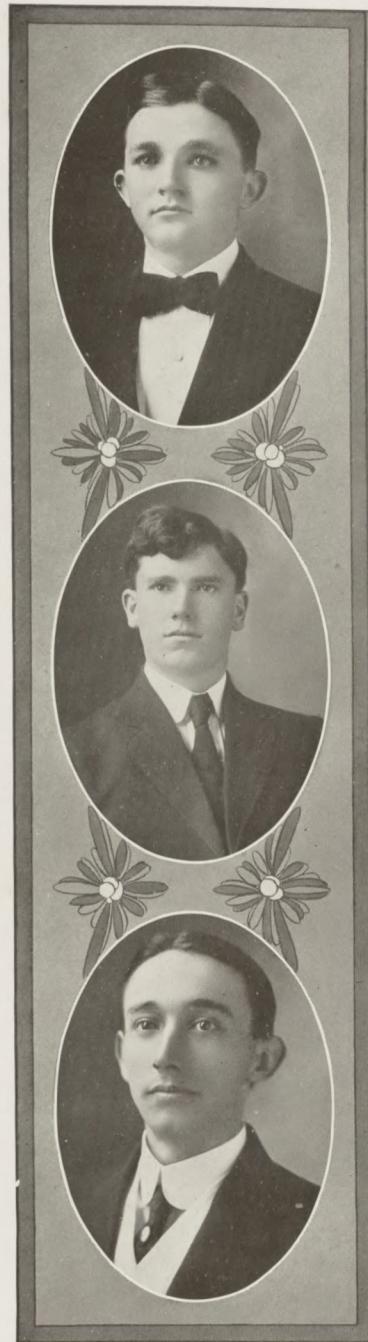
"All is not gold that glitters."—Shakespeare.

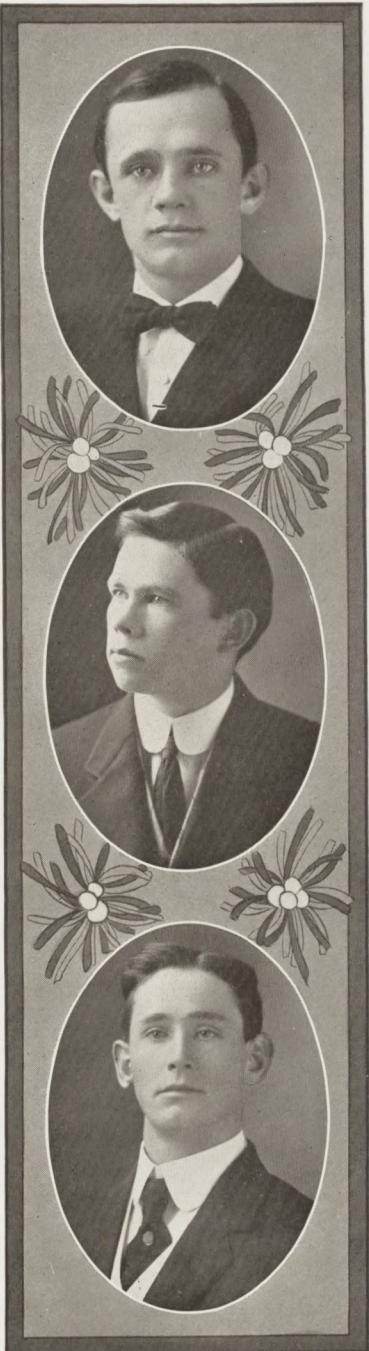
On the night of March 26th, 1887, there appeared at Dixon, Miss. a burning satellite. Dixon being twenty seven miles from the R. R., it was sometime before this event was heralded to the world. After investigation, this phenomenon proved to be no other than "Red Lewis." "Red" finished at Dixon High School and entered at Mississippi College in 1905. Remained out of school '08-'09 to instruct the youths of his home town. Glee Club, '07; Pres. Bar Association, '10; Class Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Vice-Pres. Hermenians, '08; Jun. Oratorical Medal, '08; Hermenian First Orator, '10.

LEWIS, W. L., PH. B. Brookhaven, Miss.

"To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."

"Skinnie" entered M. C. as a full Prep in 1904. He has fought the good fight, he has finished the course, he has kept the faith, if you refer to allegiance to the 'Stute as the faith. He expects to be a pharmacist. He displayed his "chemical noodle" in his chapel speech, when he recited Mr. Remsen to his sad mistake as to the effect of Benzoic acid on the human system. Perhaps yet he will write a book to take the place of said eminent chemist, in M. C.'s Junior year, and future generations will sing his praise, if it is any easier than the one used at present. Some think, however, he will succeed Jule Burns as a story teller. Skinnie is an all round good fellow, liked by both boys and 'Stute. Class Baseball, '06-'07-'08; Chicken Club; Scribe.





LOWREY, P. H., PH. B. Blue Mountain, Miss.

"Appearances to save, his only care; so things seem right, no matter what they are."

"Perrichon" is a native Mississippian, although he lived six years in Memphis. July 22nd, 1886, marks the memorable day of his arrival in the universe. He is an object of affection, especially for the "fair maidens" upon whom he looks with "much degree," and he is noted for his versatility and popularity. He entered M. C., '06, but after two years attendance, taught one year at Collins and one year at M. H. A. Varsity Football, '07-'09; Varsity Baseball, '06-'07; Class Football, '07-'09; Class Baseball, '07-'10; Literary Editor L'Allegro, '07; Hermenian Fall Orator, '06; Chief Editor Elect Mag., '08; Tennis Team, '07; Champion Tennis Doubles, '07; Third Chautauqua Rep., '07; Pres. Hermenians, '10; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '10; Ass't. Supt. Sunday School, '10; Anniversarian Hermenians, '10; Class Pres., '10.

LOWREY, J. J., B. S. Blue Mountain, Miss.

"The prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself."

The voice of "Jenks" was first heard in the village of Blue Mountain, July 18th, 1890. Both B. M. C. and M. H. A. claim the honor of preparing him for college. He entered M. C. in 1907, and is one of our best literary men. Wishing to graduate with the famous class of '10; he is doing four years' work in three. He is prominent in all phases of athletic work. Fresh. Pres., '08; Winner of Prize for best contribution to Magazine, '08; Prize for best story L'Allegro, '09; Sec.-Treas. Tennis Team, '10; Winner of Tennis doubles, '09; Tennis Team, '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Baseball and Football, '08-'09, '09-'10; Winner State Championship in Tennis, '09; Distinction.

MIDDLETON, J. E., B. A. Roxie, Miss.

"Thy voice is a celestial melody."—Longfellow.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is John. He was born near Roxie, Mississippi, Nov. 15, 1884. "Middie" was reared on the farm, and is a brawny, athletic specimen of human depravity. He received his preliminary education in the public schools of his community. In Sept. 1905, the whole country was in a fever of excitement—John was going off to College. He entered M. C. as a prep. Fresh. Historian, '07; Man. Fresh. Football, '07; Soph. Vice-Pres., '08; Jun. Vice-Pres., '09; Class Baseball, '07-'08-'09; Class Football, '07-'08-'09-'10; Varsity Football, '09-'10.

MAYFIELD, J. J., PH. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"I am not now what I have been."—Byron.

This smiling countenance which confronts you goes by the cognomen of "Jo Jo." Out of the dust of Covington county he was formed about three hundred and ninety-three years after Columbus discovered America. After preliminary sand-papering at Taylorsville High School, Montrose Academy, he entered M. C. in the fall of '06 to take the helm of the Theolog tug and pilot the young divines through the deep doctrinal waters. He has held the honored position of Marshall of the Hermenians, and at one time was a prominent candidate for Sub-Marshall of the same. "Jo Jo" is one of the most distinguished young divines the College has ever given to the world (?). We expect great things of him. He expects to take a degree in May, in matrimony in June.

McMORRIES, EDWIN, PH. B. Meridian, Miss.

"Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man."

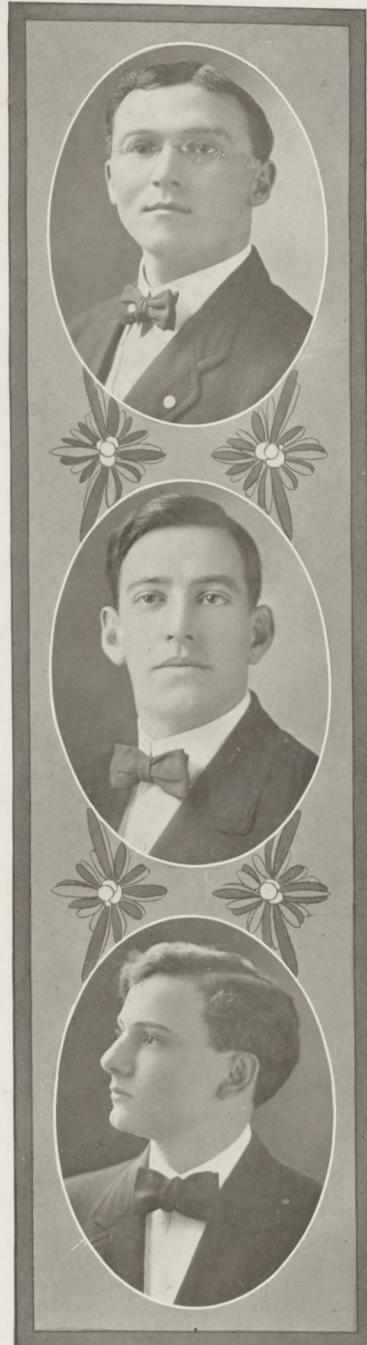
"Cris" is the only city sport in the Class. He was born August 2, 1888, at Meridian. After completing his elementary education in the City Schools of Meridian, he wended his way to M. C. Here he entered, as a Soph., in 1907, but in addition to his Ph. B. he has cinched a "relative degree," which accounts for the extra year. While "Mac" is an efficient business man, he feels that he is best suited to serve humanity in the capacity of a physician. He is an all round athlete, being one of the few to win the double "M." Varsity Baseball, '07-'08-'09; Varsity Football, '08-'09-'10; Captain Varsity Football, '09; Mgr. Varsity Baseball, '09; Mgr. Varsity Football, '10; Track, '09; Vice-Pres. Athletic Association, '08; Class Football and Baseball, '07-'08-'09-'10.

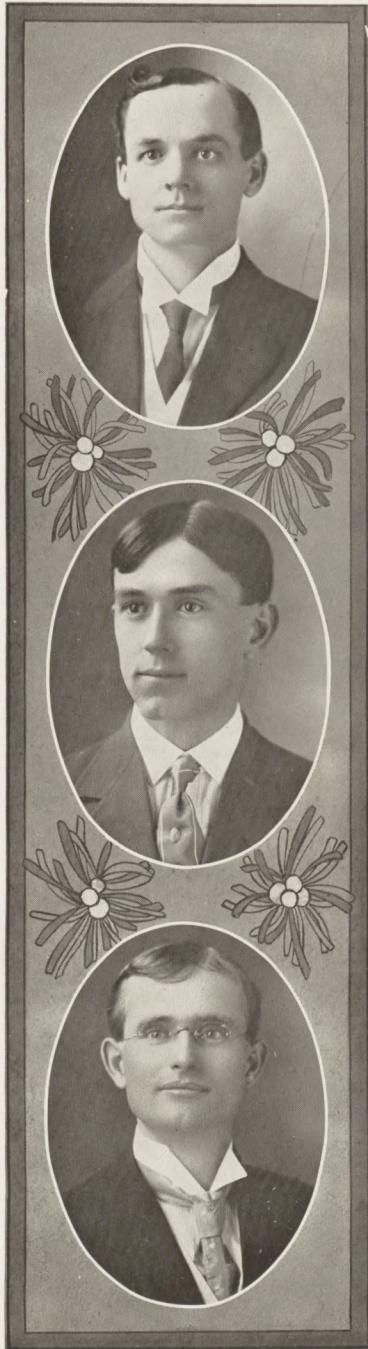
OLIVER, M. L., PH. B.

Lodi, Miss.

"One may say that his wit shines at the expense of his memory."

How shall we describe him? Or shall we let him speak for himself? It was after a severe wind in March, in the year 1887, that this gentle creature first faced the world. He entered M. C. in 1905, where he has, since that time, amused himself. Although he has not always carried out the wishes of the Faculty, he has never failed to consult "Willie" on all important subjects. "Lodi" is a worthy member of the Class, being especially noted for his athletic stunts. His future is uncertain. Class Baseball, '07-'08-'09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10; Hermenian Marshall, '09-'10; Sec. Athletic Association, '09-'10.





ROGERS, G. M., B. S.

Collins, Miss.

"Much learning shows how little mortals know."

—Young.

On November 4th, 1883, in Covington County, Mississippi, the greatest event of his life happened—he was born. He gives the honor of his preparatory training to Collins High School. His only fault, during his entire school career, has been that of falling in love. In grades, he leads the class and his specialty is making hundreds—anything less once broke his heart,—but now he sees the error of his youth and has adopted the wiser plan of studying less and "courting" more. He entered M. C. in '04; but stayed away two years. Taught at Gilmer, '06-'07 and '07-'08; Philo. Vice-Pres., '09; Philo. Critic, '09; Vice-Pres. B. Y. P. U., '09; Second Orator Philo's, '10; Literary Editor L'Allegro, '10; Chapel speech in German; Special Distinction; Pres. Philo., '10.

ROBERTS, J. L., B. A.

Pelahatchie, Miss.

"Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."

Luther's voice was heard for the first time on June 21, 1881. From that time until now, he has been preparing himself for service. His opportunities in the high school were very good. After completing his course here, he desired to attend an institution that was very thorough in its work, so he came to M. C. in the fall of 1899. Since then, his record has been excelled by few. He has been Principal of the following High Schools, since he entered M. C.: Harrisville, Shiloh, Lake, Pulaski and Rock Bluff. His teaching career has been one of great success. At the close of the session of 1909, at Rock Bluff, he had six graduates, four of whom entered M. C. in the fall of '09 as Sophs. He is now possessor of a "Dip." Future: Pedagogue. Pres. Philo. Society, '04; Philo. Attorney, '10; Third Orator Philo., '10; Sen. Baseball, '10.

O'NEAL, C. M., PH. B.

Pelahatchie, Miss.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
rough hew them how we will."—Shakespeare.

On Feb. 5th, 1881, Carl wandered into the world. He attended Ludlow High School, until he received his diploma. Not being satisfied with this, he entered the U. of M. in 1904, and remained there one year. He was principal of Independence High School, '05-'06; Entered M. C. '06 as Junior; was a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, '07-'08; Principal Terry Graded School, '08-'09; Reentered M. C., '09, as Senior. Philo. Attorney, '07; Herald Philo. Anniversary, '10; Asks questions and writes answers in ledger for past-time; Brother to the famous John O'Neal of the Class of '09.

SAUCIER, E.W., PH. B.

Purvis, Miss.

"The elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

"Bill" or "Soce" as he is called by his pals came from Purvis. Can any good come out of Purvis? We thought not until we saw Bill. Now we know smart men do come from Purvis—the smarter they are the quicker they come! Twenty three years has he lived on this planet, but never once has a maiden told him "23." Four years here have proven him pure gold, and M. C. has no better men than E. W. Saucier. His preliminary education was obtained at Purvis High School, and he entered here in '06. He has made a brilliant record in the class room and is a universal favorite with Faculty and students. Bill's long suit is nursing the Profs' babies. Soph. Pres., '07-'08; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '08; Sec. Hermenians, '08; Fall Orator, '08; Mgr. Jun. Baseball, '08-'09; Bus. Mgr. L'Allegro, '08-'09; Chief-Editor, '09-'10.

STANLEY, A. A., PH. B.

Caledonia, Miss.

"Nothing is more annoying than a tardy man."
—Plautus.

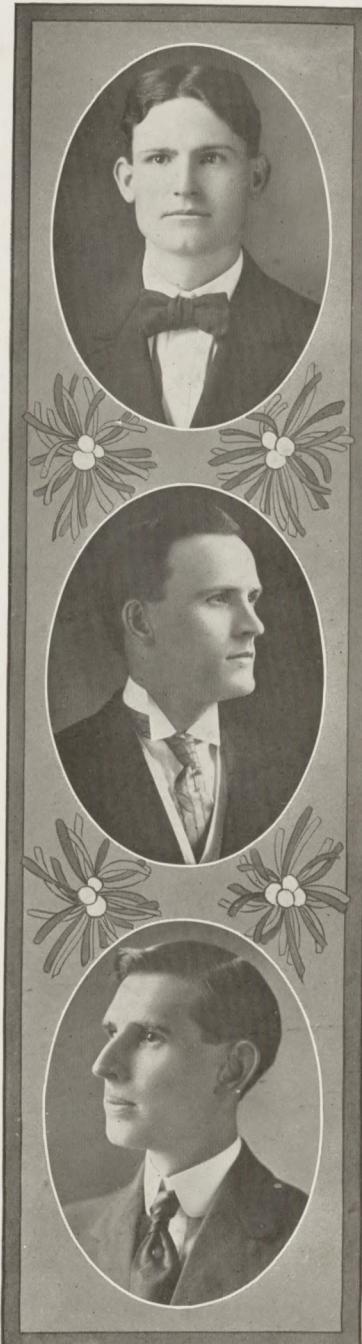
As early as the 7th of March, 1884, Albert attracted the attention of those about him. Like most of boys, he spent several years in the public schools. Here he was inspired to attend some higher institutions, so he entered M. C. in the fall of '05. He has proven that he has pluck, by remaining in school, even though he has seen things that he liked better than work. As most preachers believe in wearing double harness, so does he, but has acted very wisely in listening to Dr. Sproles until he was possessor of a "dip." Theological third orator, '08; Philo, Chief Editor Magazine, '10; First Orator Philo. Society, '10.

STEELE, H. C., B. S.

Clinton, Miss.

"Have a purpose in all that you do."

When the astronomers were making observations and searching for a new comet, they failed to see a dim star that appeared in Scott County, Mississippi, Nov. 6th, 1883. Dim as it was then, it has become brighter and brighter until the present day. He brushed off the first cobwebs of ignorance at Harperville High School. After completing his course there, he did credit to himself as a teacher. Here it was he became enamored with a very fair damsel. Feeling that he was hardly equal to his fair lady mentally, he decided to take higher work, so he entered M. C. in the fall of '09 as a Senior. Herd is a Jim dandy good fellow and his mouth is very conspicuous when he is amused. Hermenian. Future: Instructor of the youths.

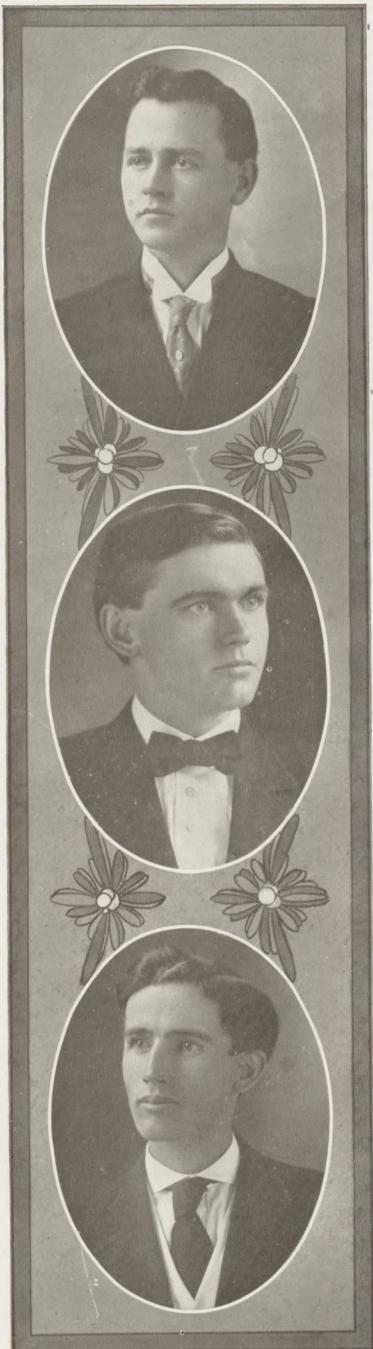


SPAIN, J. M., B. A.

Ecru, Miss.

"His heart is as great as the world, but there
is no room in it to hold a memory of a wrong."

The subject of this sketch entered upon life October 10th, 1884, in Union County, Mississippi. After taking a course in the public schools of Union and Pontotoc Counties, he assumed the responsibilities of a pedagogue. After teaching four years, he heard of Mississippi College which he entered 1907, as a Freshman. Although an ardent supporter of every phase of college life, he has not attained very great heights on the athletic field. Modest and gentle as a girl yet he possesses those manly qualities which make him a man of power. He is especially noted for his literary talent. This "Manly" man will again instruct the youth of the land. He has completed the four years' work in three and graduates with distinction. Class Sec., '08-'09; Class Historian, '09-'10; Ready Writer's Medal, '08-'09; Hermenian Sec., '08-'09; Cor. Sec., '09; Critic, '09-'10.



TRUSSELL, I. C., PH. B.

D'Lo, Miss.

"Bookworms do not make chancellors of state."
—Disraeli.

His first appearance in the universe was on September 1st, 1886, at Kincaid, Mississippi. It was not long after his arrival, until his parents had formed their opinion of him and pictured his future. But in so doing, it was agreed that he should first learn how to pull the hoe and follow "Beck." As soon as he was well grounded in this course, he attended the Grenada High School. Was a student of D'Lo High School in 1902. Here it was he received his first inspiration to make good what had been pictured for him, so he entered M. C. as a freshman in the fall of 1906. Class Orator, '07-'08; Vice-Pres. B. Y. P. U., '09; Vice-Pres. Hermenian Society, '09. Future: leading attorney of the state.

WEBB, J. T., B. A.

Florence, Miss.

"Waters falling day by day, wears the hardest
rock away."

The face of the world is changing. When crazy old John Coffin went down to the battery, and looked eastward over New York Bay, he called out, "Attention, Europe! Nations, by the right wheel!" It was only a few years later on Feb. 11th, 1888, when there loomed into view a sentient being of strange personal appearance. He now goes by the name of Jimmie. Steen's Greek High School is due the credit of brushing this Webb up and preparing him to enter M. C. in the fall of '07 as a Freshman. Has done very good work as a student and is specially noted for starring in psychology under Dr. "Spot."

Class History



THE men who were to form the nucleus of this Class made their first appearance in the historic town of Clinton in the early autumn of 1906. After a short, preliminary skirmish with the "Profs.," these men were declared eligible to admission to the Freshman class of Mississippi College, which has since been known as the Class of '10. Like all other Freshmen, we had a reverence, almost bordering on a superstitious awe, for the Seniors, "the mighty powers that be," and our greatest aim and ambition was to be as they, though the realization of this dream seemed to be in the far distant future. Even the Sophomores, by reason of their superior wisdom, "loud" socks and "picturesque" trousers, claimed no small part of our respect and admiration. But, by careful and constant plodding, and after innumerable conflicts with "Zed," "Zeus," "Ajax," and other high dignitaries, we have finally passed through the different stages of evolution necessary to transform a "Freshie" into a full fledged Senior and have now reached that goal which marks the end of the college course. While quite a number of our band have fallen by the wayside, some dropping out at the first stage of the journey, others at the second, and still others at the third, still we have a goodly number who have passed the Charybdis of "Math." and the Scylla of "Greek" and have at last anchored safely in Seniordom.

To chronicle the successes and achievements of this noble band of students, and do it justice, would tax the power and skill of a pen far abler than mine. Suffice to say, however, the record made by these men in all forms of college life during the four years of their stay here is full worthy to be accorded a prominent place in the annals of our grand old College.

In oratory and literary production our Class holds a prominent place, while in point of scholarship it has made an enviable record. Realizing the fact that a healthy, vigorous body is essential to the proper development of the mental faculties, the members of this Class have always manifested an enthusiastic interest for all forms of college athletics, and our teams, while oftentimes suffering defeat, have acquitted themselves admirably. We have furnished a fair share of the 'Varsity players on the several teams, and on the football team of this session furnished nearly as many men as all the other classes combined. But whether in the classroom, on the rostrum, or on the athletic field, these men have at all times acquitted themselves in a way that might well deserve the commendation of their teachers and fellow-students.

The Class of '10 will graduate with more members than any class that the College has turned out heretofore, but our greatest pride is not in the number, but in the fact that it is composed of just and honor-loving men whose unimpeachable character and sterling qualities of manhood shall prove a mighty power for good. May this brilliant record be made brighter still by the untiring labor, useful life, and uplifting influence of each member of this grand old Class, and may we reflect credit and honor on our Alma Mater.

—J. M. SPAIN, Historian.

Class Poem

The book is finished and we pause before
We plant the seal. 'Tis well that one should stop
Anon and think of times forgot, while in
The rush of busy life we moved; when play
And work followed in such succession that
'Twas oft we lived with scarce a reason known.
Ah, happy is the man whose swift routine
Sweeps on his life without a time to wane
To worry or complain. But tragedy
Must tell the tale if he should ever find
An eddy where to pause and think of times
Gone by and plan for time to come.

So now

We look adown the path which leads us through
The fruitful variant land of youth, and see,
As from a mountain crest, a pleasant slope
And fertile vale whose farther margin fades
Within the blue of childhood memories.
How soft and golden is the light that falls
From memory's sun upon our college days.
Each poppy flower petaled hour it wakes
And turns, once lowering clouds, to dew.

But not

A retrospect alone our view affords.
Both ways we look and hope so shines upon
The clouds which curtain off our future; that
They glow, a fairy land of sun-rise tints.
And so our prospect broadens as we gaze
And to a thousand thoughts our souls respond,
While questions rise whose answers lie, within
The dark untried unknown, and back-ground life's
Great question mark with figures like its own.
Yet in the ans'ring of life's question lie
The holding of eternity.

Wherfore am I here?
A drop of spray in this broad tide of time!

The world in its orbit sweeps on day and night
And time, like a flood crest, bears us to the fight.
And wherever one wins another must lose,
While our Godhood of freedom we ever abuse.
And the winner with hardly his victory won,
With his laurels still fresh, by death is undone.
Yet God's earth is beautiful, and God's heaven blue,
And God's rule we hold as eternally true.

We know not

Whence these cross swells that fret the waves of God's

Great purpose into foam, nor do we care,
For none there be so base that would not good
Should find its test in evil. But we feel
Omnipotence in this, though beneath
The clouds of fiercest battle, right meet wrong,
Right never fought, nor will, nor can, right fight
With right for right's the will of God and holds
Its only tread toward Him who changes not.

So, we hold
That every life whose aim is high, shall be,
Though it may fail within itself, in this
World's evolution unto right and God,—
A perfect circle's perfect arc, and set
In motion waves whose ripple marks,
Shall fresco Heaven's wall.

Then we are here
To live, to laugh, to love, to know the one
Great Father through his works, to serve Him through
Our brother man and read eternity
Through time. To live, to laugh, to love but not
To die; to give our endless lives to God
And make our sojourn here a useful one.
So we thank thee, Alma Mater,
Not for things that thou hast taught us,
Not for places thou hast brought us,

But for
The high and noble purpose we first caught
Down thy long index finger, and for views
Broadened by thy questions.

And we hope
That while the decades pile to centuries
Thou'll stand, as now, a gate to radiant life.

So

Alma Mater, dearest mother
Here's a health before we go.
Every loyal son and brother
Let the wine of friendship flow.
Wreath the glass with love and roses,
Drink! the class of '10 proposes,—
Here's a health before we go.

Alma Mater, dearest mother,
Here's our heart before we go.
Bound by friendship's ties together,
With the love of life aglow,
Brimming o'er with zeal and daring,
Alien to all thoughts despairing,
Here's our heart before we go.

—POET.

Senior Prophecy



ND as I slept behold there came unto me many visions. And there appeared unto me an angel, even the angel of Mystery.

And I said unto the angel: "Hearken unto me and interpret now, I pray thee, all these visions which beset me." And he answered me saying: "Speak, so shall it be." And this is the first vision which I, the prophet, told unto the angel, for the interpretation thereof.

I have dreamed a dream, and behold none among men can interpret it. Behold in my dream I stood in a strange land, and I saw rising up in that land a multitude of giants, mighty in stature, even unto six feet four. And I numbered these giants, and lo there were two score and three thereof. And they held in bondage all the children of men, who were gathered nigh unto them. And they appeared unto me like unto the rulers of that land.

Now, I pray thee, most Mighty One, what meanest this dream that troubleth me? And the angel answered, and spake unto me, saying:

"Behold this is the interpretation thereof. There were brought forth in the year that lacked four score and ten of being two thousand, in the land that lieth about Clinton and nigh unto the city of Jackson, a race of giants, whom the Gods have decreed shall be mighty rulers in the land of Noodle. Even this is the interpretation of the dream that thou hast."

that thou hadst.

And I said, tell me, I pray thee, what meanest this vision of beauty that came to me?

I saw the land all bathed in golden sunlight, and the perfume of fragrant flowers was wafted to me on the gentle breeze. And the birds sang soft, sweet strains. And I thought the whole land was filled with sunshine and gladness and love.

Then answered the angel and said:

"This meaneth that there shall come from this mighty race, those who shall bring beauty and gladness to brighten the weary ways of men. Those who shall dispel gloom, and drive all shadows from darkened lives. Those who shall leave love where there was hate, and scattered sunshine where there were shadows."

And still another dream beset me. I saw a mighty building, piercing, as it were, the very dome of heaven, and there hovered about it ships in mid-air, like unto great, black birds.

"Ah, this is the meaning of that," answered the angel. "There shall come from these giants, men who shall hold and control the beating pulse of the business world. And this was the office of one of them, and those thou sawest, like unto birds, his private airships, which linger near to do his bidding. For he is a master mind among men."

Yet another vision came to me. I saw, as it were, the whole world soothed to stillness. And the nations as one man stood transfixed as they pored over a scroll of writing. What is the meaning of this?

And he answered me, saying: "There shall arise those who shall charm the millions with the magic of their music. Those who shall awaken in the bosom of the world, the long crushed song of Peace by the power of their pen."

And there came unto me many other visions, which the angel interpreted. Ye so many that, were they written, the world would not hold the books. But these are the ones that he permitted me to reveal unto men.

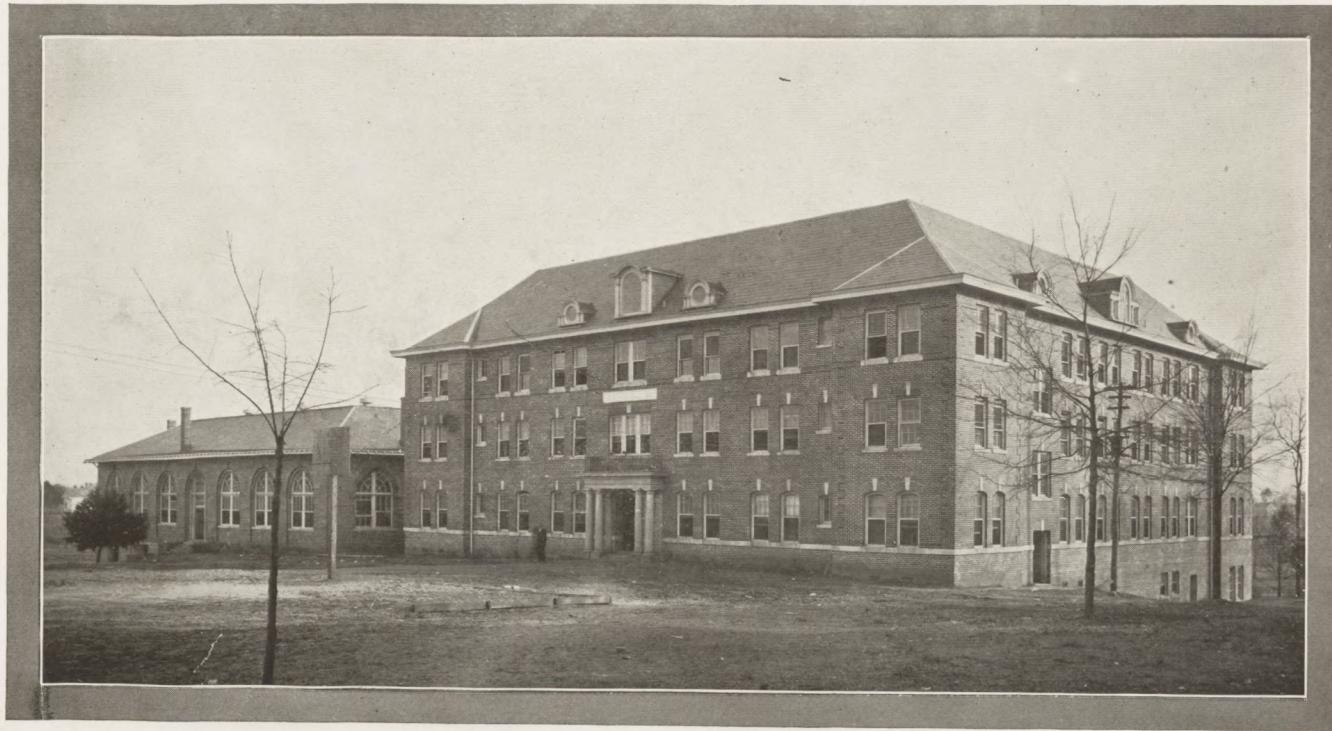
—PROPHET.

43



CAMPUS SCENE

4



JENNINGS HALL



Class Officers

H. O. PATE	<i>President</i>
W. R. LANGFORD	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. B. COOPER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. D. FRANKS	<i>Poet</i>
H. P. RISER	<i>Historian</i>
J. H. BERRY	<i>Prophet</i>

Flower: Violet

Colors: Olive and "Baby Blue"

Motto: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow ye may die."



Class History

When Caesar crossed the Rubicon and burned the bridges behind him, so that a return home would be impossible, "Westward, the star of Empire, held its course," and a new order of things supplanted what had held sway through the ages past. The desire which caused them to leave their homes and better their condition elsewhere, brought the present Junior class out of the multitude where they were diamonds in the rough, and led them here where they are polished and given to the world as sparkling, priceless gems of richest hue.

Assembled from the four corners of the land, no one need wonder how the class has forged its way to the front. Its history is a rapidly succeeding series of victory. Its origin is as complex as sources of a mighty river which is fed by springs among the mountains. When the Prince of Peace walked along the olive crowned hills of Gallilee, and called the twelve from the multitudes, he was speaking to the ancestors of our class. The Angles and Saxons started to America and stopped on the British Isles to rest. Later they came on and sent their sons to be Juniors at Mississippi College. So the class has come; some from the woods and hills, some from the heart of the city, some from beside the silvery streams whose ripples have kept time with the throbbing of their buoyant hopes. Nor did they all come at the same time, but all, alike being stirred by a predominant motive, have overcome all difficulties and have risen through the Freshman and Sophomore years and are standing now on the threshold of Seniorism ready to march over and possess it.

Numberless are the victories they have won. The path has not always been strewn with flowers, but ambition led them on, hope smiled upon them, and knowledge was beckoning from across the way, so there was no alternative.

On the athletic field, in the Forum, in the oratorical arena have they fought and won bright laurels. In the Sophomore year, the class championship in both football and baseball, was won by them and in the present year it was a tie with the Seniors.

Whenever there has been a need of manhood and strength, they have always made good. Realizing that true success comes only through untiring efforts, the class of '11 has made sure its foundation to begin with—viz: the embodiment of the royal prerogatives of refined gentlemen. Built on upright, straight-forward honesty, furnished with a keen sense of truth and honor, lighted with the determination, failure is not in its category. A committee was appointed to adopt a befitting motto. Having spent three centuries in research and study it made a report. Believing that true success comes only through service, this is its motto: "We'll live in a house beside the road and be a friend to man."

—HISTORIAN.

A Junior Idyll

I am dreaming, fondly dreaming, of the time that use to be,
When the Junior Class were little boys like other boys we see.
With their gleeful hearts a-bouncing like an india-rubber ball,
Full of nothing, but a youthful, buoyant spirit—that is all.

But now I wake,
A glance to take,
At those same boys to-day;
Oh, what a change!
It's passing strange!
But such, is life, they say.

I am thinking, calmly thinking, of the present college days,
And our classic band of Juniors—all their different looks and ways.
Some are big and fat and ugly; some are long and lank and thin;
Some are short and stiff and stubby; some are really handsome men.

With the Hillman delegation the Junior boys have made a hit;
Freshmen, Sophs and lofty Seniors, truth to tell, are "not in it."
Each one has his *amorosa*—smiling, blushing Hillman lass,
T' love, to fuss with and to cherish; Gallant boys! the Junior Class!

College jokes and pranks and capers all receive their due support;
But our chief concern and trouble is that blasted term report.
Some can work their mild Professors in their dailies, and they do;
But on term examinations there's no room to "fugaboo."

Now let us look
At vision's book,
And read in letters bold,
What comes to pass
With Junior Class
In future, days untold.

In my far, prophetic visions of the future's hardihood,
I can see the sturdy Junior in his calling, "making good."
Doctors, lawyers, bankers, merchants, farmers, teachers, preachers,—all;
Every honest avocation has a Junior at its call.

—CLASS POET.

Junior Prophecy

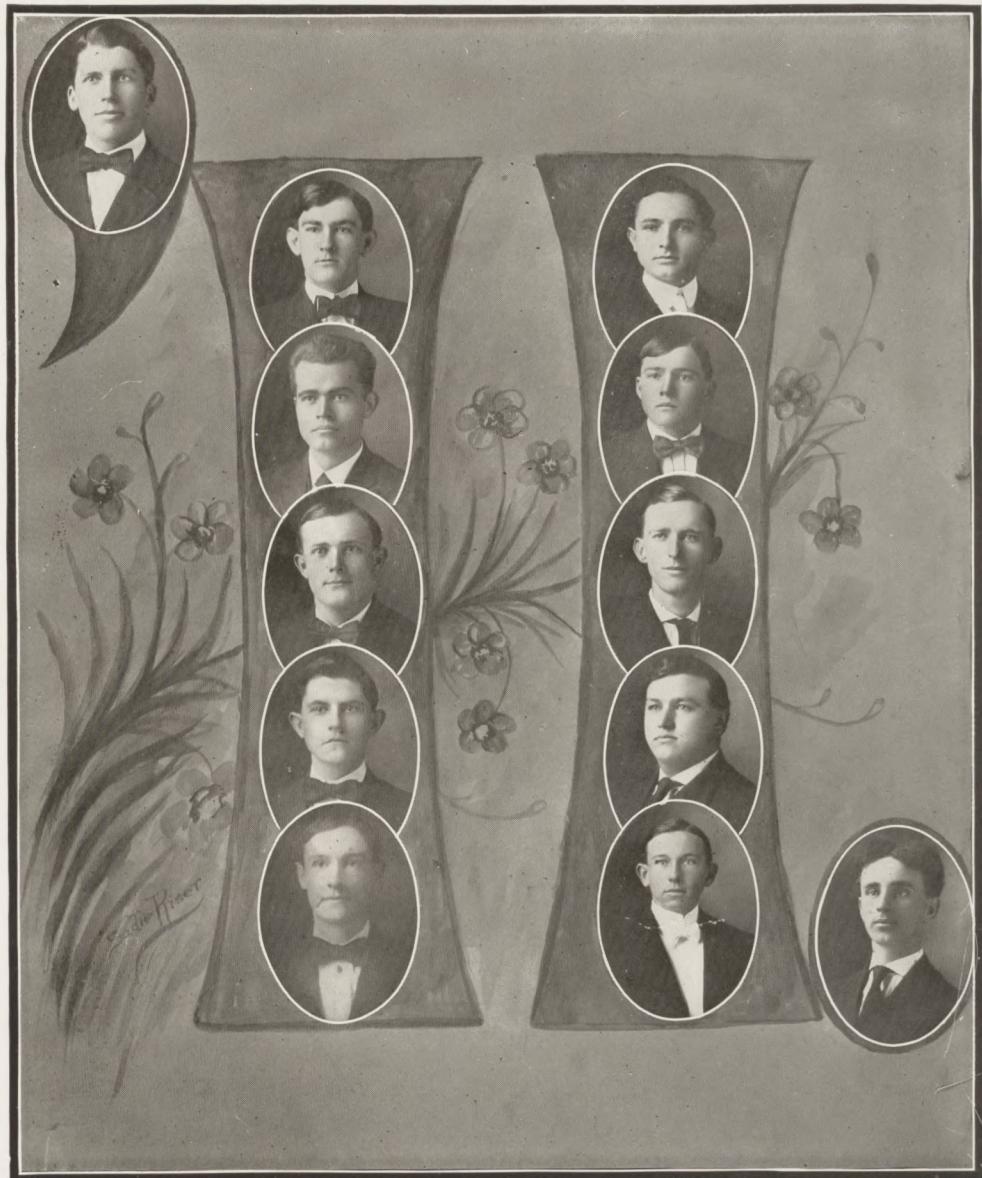
Dealing in futures is risky, so it is said, and so have I found it. Being selected by my class, I attempted to carry the Juniors into the vague and undiscovered future, whereof preps dream and wise men lay plans. The truth is, so great was my task and so powerful my subject, that I was swallowed up, and instead of carrying the class forward into time, I, like Elijah, seemed to be caught up in a chariot of fire and borne to realms of unknown fate.

The next thing I knew, I found myself at a banquet celebrating the birth of 1921. All the years of this century were present. It was 1911 that sat at the head of the table. He wore hundreds of jewels, but the one that seemed to sparkle brightest was a small gold pin bearing "M. C. '11." Thinking possibly that partial fascination on my part might have deceived me, I asked about the pin. He told me that the wise men from the east had presented it to him soon after his birth, and that as he has polished it time after time, it has grown brighter and brighter until now it is his most precious possession. Although his partiality at first turned toward more elaborately designed pins and he had taken better care of them, yet, with the attention he gave it, the M. C. pin showed more improvement, and proved to be made of better, purer material, and in the ten years, it had won its way to the first place on his breast. He let me examine it closely. On the back was engraved "24 K." I was rather surprised to see a pin with no alloy in it, yet I knew every member of the class which it represented was pure gold. I was so interested in the pin that I hardly noticed the waiters as they brought in one course after another, consisting of all kinds of current events.

The feast was over and the first toasts were being called for, when the lights flickered and went out, the music ceased, and a finger of fire wrote in flaming letters, "When night hath set her silver lamp on high, then is the time to study." My head began to swim; I felt myself falling. As I fell I heard an applicant in the distance telling Saint Peter that he belonged to M. C. class of '11. "Yes," said Peter, "I have a special cub-house on Fifth Avenue for you. Go and wait your classmates."

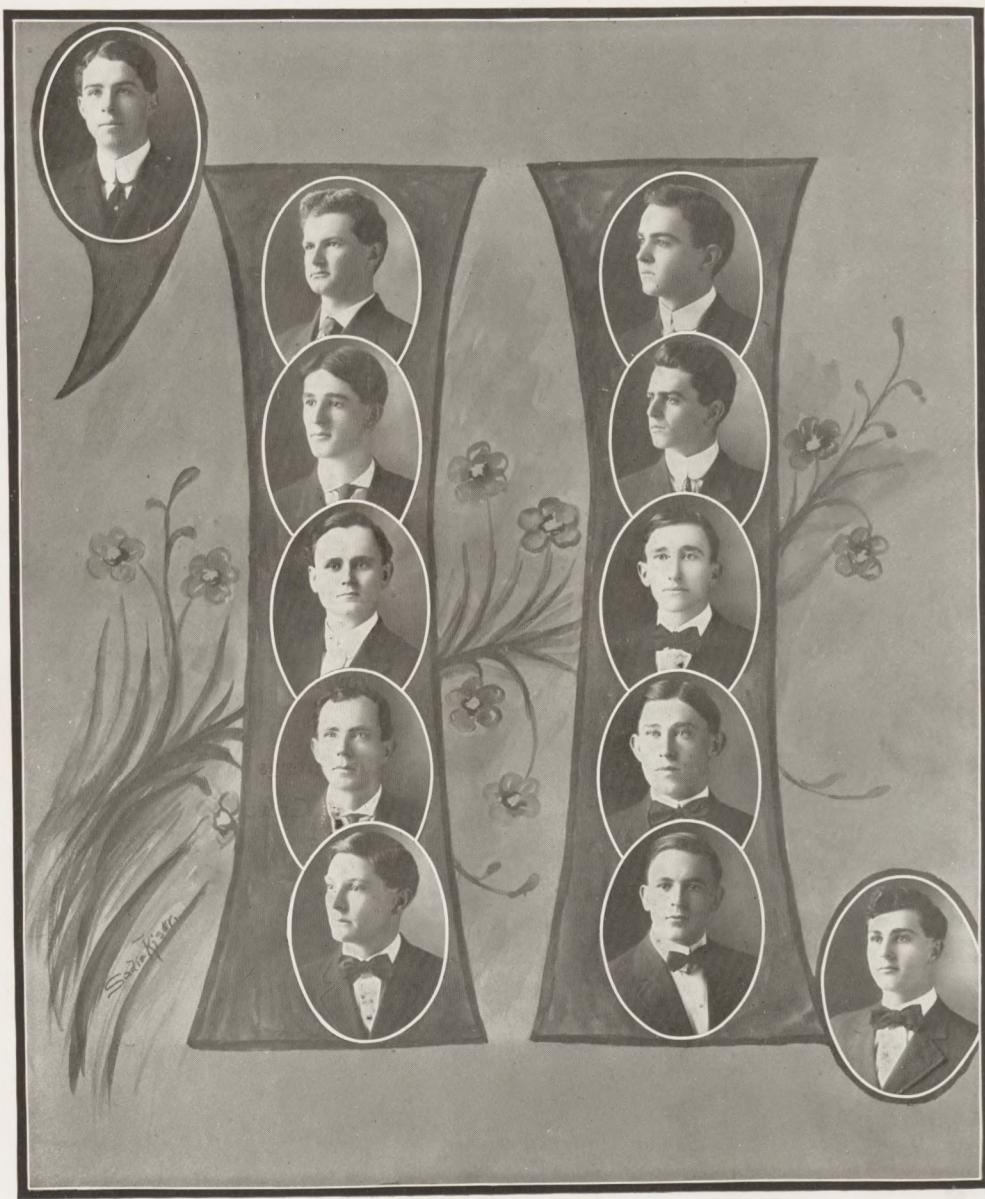
—PROPHET.





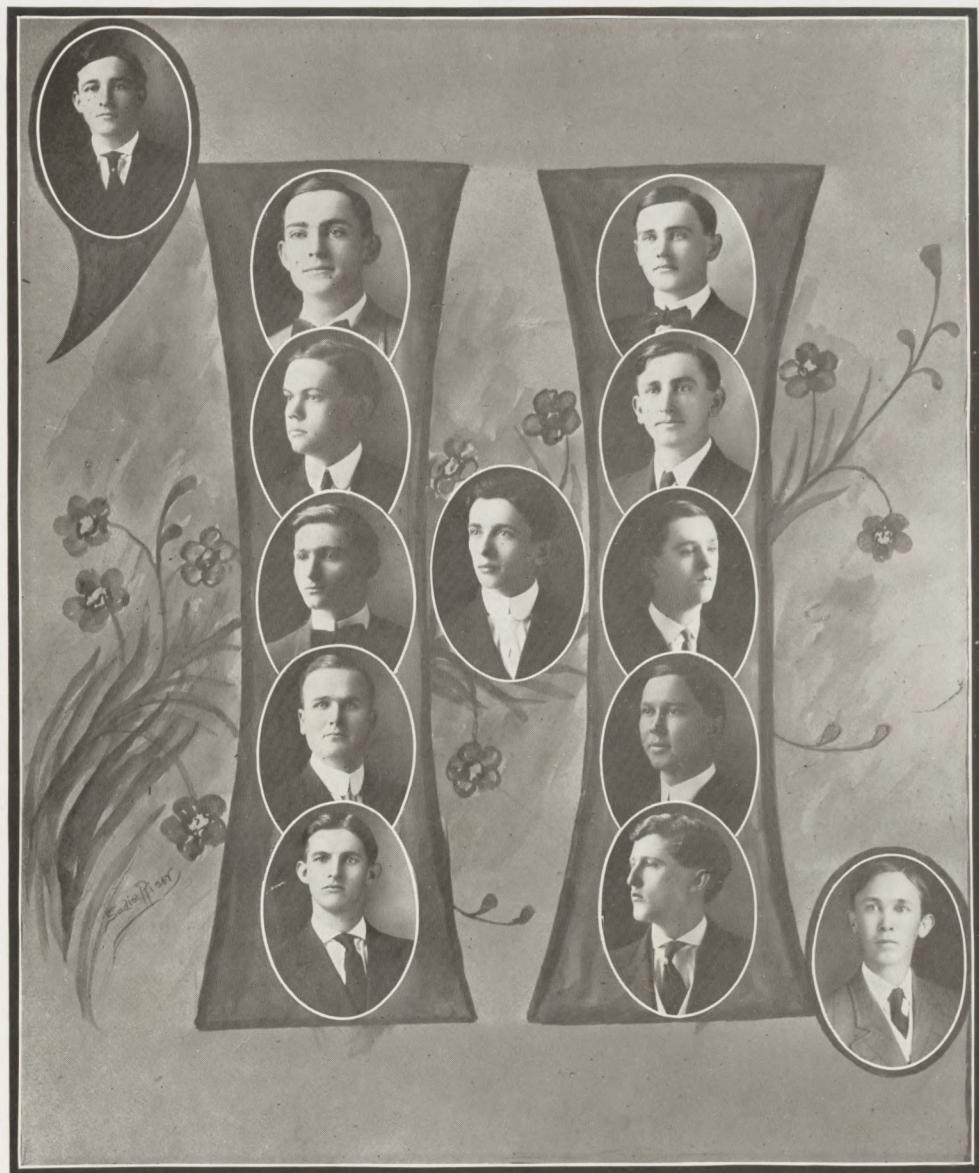
Junior Roll

Beard, W. L.	Rayborn
Berry, J. H.	Blue Mountain
Black, E. B.	Ecru
Blankinship, C.	Bay Springs
Burke, W. S.	Clinton
Butler, L. D.	Clinton
Blassingame, C. D.	Baldwyn
Cannon, John	Monticello
Cain, J. I.	Little Springs
Chadwick, P. K.	Walnut Grove
Collier, J. A.	Leland
Brand, Thos.	Hickory



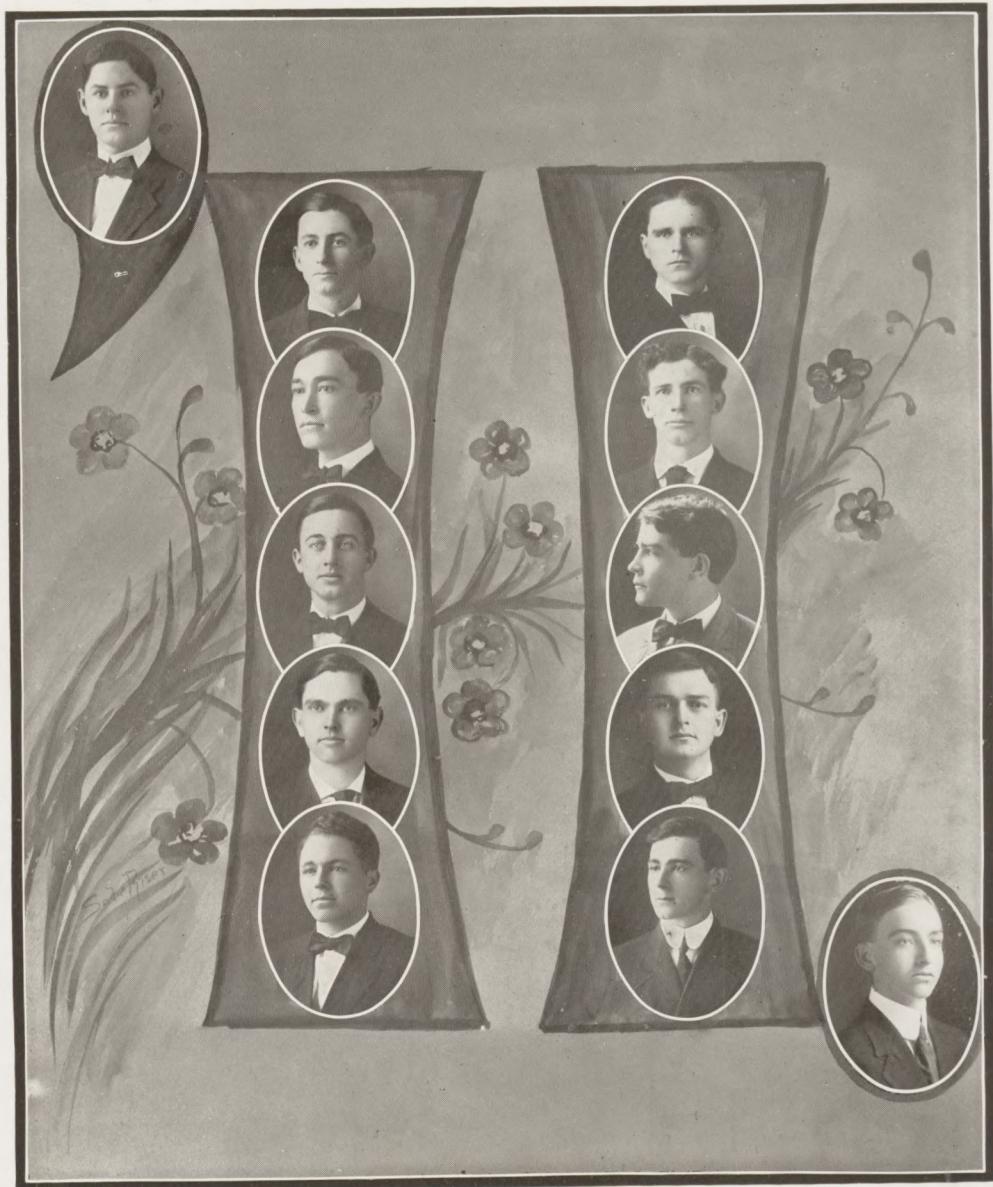
Junior Roll

Cooper, R. B.	Pontotoc
Dudley, J. B.	Clinton
Everett, R. A.	Braxton
Franks, J. D.	Wheelers
Jeffrey, W. F.	Clinton
Hartzog, C. R.	Silver Creek
Langford, W. R.	Hattiesburg
Lee, A. W.	Clinton
Lee, P. M.	Ludlow
Milam, B. S.	Leland
Montgomery, M. B.	Yazoo City
McCann, E.	Toomsuba



Junior Roll

Mc Lean, W. T.	Clinton
McLaurin, H. J.	Brandon
Noble, R. P.	Jackson
Odom, H. T.	Enterprise
Powell, J. P.	Collins
Patton, R. C.	Water Valley
Pate, H. O.	Coffeeville
Ray, R. B.	Pontotoc
Reeves, C. H.	Ruth
Rhymes, T. W.	Crystal Springs
Schilling, E. V.	Magnolia
Seab, W. C.	Roxie
Singletary, Charles	Hazlehurst



Junior Roll

Simmons, M. M.	Lake
Simmons, S. M.	Lake
Stacy, A. J.	Houlka
Stanley, J. R.	Booneville
Stone, V. D.	Poplar Creek
Stapleton, H. C.	Hattiesburg
Thompson, E. S.	McCool
Webb, T. B.	Florence
White, T. J.	Clinton
Williams, P. F.	Florence
Wiseman, D. P.	Cotton Plant
Yerger, C.	Jackson

Same Old Story

Same old life
From day to day,
Same old visions
Far away,
Same old dreamer
Growing gray.

Same old hopes
And same old fears,
Same old long
And lonely years,
Same old memories
And tears.

Same old tender
Thoughts of you,
Same old dreams
That won't come true,
Same old aching
Heart.—Adieu.
—J. E. BERRY.





FACULTY ZOO



OLD CHAPEL BUILDING



SOPHOMORE

Sadie D. Isay
1918

Sophomore History

Such events as our state or nation would look upon in years to come with pride and admiration, history demands should be recorded. Therefore it is with the sense of duty, but at the same time with genuine pleasure, that we note a few of the most important accomplishments of our class.

In the fall of 1908, about sixty rough men from different parts of our commonwealth entered Mississippi College for the purpose of preparing themselves for future usefulness. At the close of the first year's work, they had made a record well deserving praise. But as this has been recorded in another volume, let us turn to the work of the Sophomore year.

The class acted wisely in selecting an able leader as President. His noble purposes, marvellous intellect, and genial personality are unsurpassed. The Vice-President is an excellent student and a character of sterling worth; to say nothing of our Stute walker who is an orator, mighty enough to sway even "large audiences." But the lack of space forbids the personal mention of all the officers and distinguished men of the class.

The entire class, with few exceptions, has done good work. Some of them however, such as C. M. R. go to the class room for no other purpose than to star. Since this is true, it is predicted that a large per cent of them will graduate with special distinction. They have heeded well the admonition of their beloved President, "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The Sophs are found in the front ranks in all the different kinds of college work and sports. On the stage, they are scarcely surpassed, even by their elder brothers (Juniors and Seniors). You may expect able bar and pulpit speakers from the class of '12. And as for epistolary ability of the class, just examine its issue of the magazine and be convinced that the Sophs stand second to none. In athletics the class has stood admirably well, contributing liberally to all the Varsity teams. Our Douglas B. has done credit to himself and the class and the Varsity teams in both football and basketball, and George D. is a better football player than you would think, judging from his stature. But they are only specimens of the many heroic players we have in the different athletic fields. At the Stute, however, they have not allowed even the dignified Seniors to beat their time.

But as a last word, perhaps the most striking characteristic of the class has been the manly conduct of its men. They stand for the right. Surely the junior year has something good in store for them.

—HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Prophecy

In the fall of 1908, the fortune teller was around, and of course had the task of telling my fortune. After so doing, she was requested to tell something of the future of the class of '12. This she did, but before entering into the future, she gave a short account of our past, which was well said. Following this was an account of our subsequent life. "What do I see in the future for your class?" said she. "First is a college scene, in which are several men with caps of '12 on. Not only are they distinguished by their caps, but also by fine personal appearance, now and then." After pausing a moment, she continued by saying, "I see again the same young men, but they are now wiser and more intellectual than in the former scene. From their conversation, it seems that they have completed their college course and are now ready to enter upon their life's work with the most brilliant prospect before them." Again she ceased.

As soon as she had desisted for a short time, she proceeded as follows: "They are now holding high positions throughout Mississippi, doing credit to themselves and to the "Old Reliable." The bright prospects of the future are now being fulfilled." A little later the scene changed again. This time the men were more learned and cultured. Some had even crossed the mighty Atlantic in order to become efficient professors of foreign tongues, while others were presidents of great commercial enterprises. Some were having their names written high on the scroll of fame.

Lastly came the scene of gray heads who had spent an active life of service. Most of them had fought a good fight and done much for the benefit of mankind. As their lives at this time were drawing to an end, most had retired from service and were living on their well-earned laurels. It was a great consolation to them to know that they had fulfilled their obligations to mankind. Thus as she had now pictured our subsequent lives, she paused for the last time on such an interesting story.

—PROPHET.



Sophomore Poem

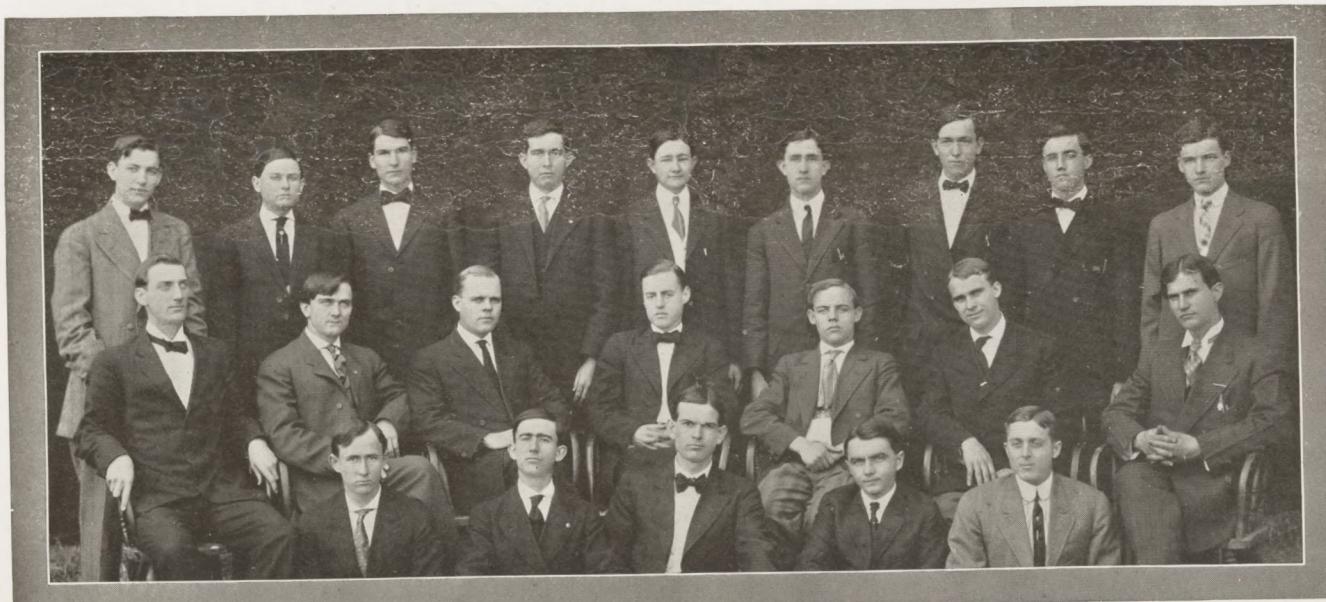
Many are the wondrous deeds of heroes of the past.
Their fame, their honor, their glory will ever, ever last.
They have left a glorious heritage in yonder hall of fame
That will ever be a monument to their undying name.
But tell of all the glories on Fame's eternal shore,
None will equal those of the gallant Sophomore.

The Senior confident, who thinks the battle won
Glides along so smoothly with his work undone,
But when Old Time brings on examination day
You will see the Senior raise his hands and say
"Oh, would that I had studied my Greek and Math. a little more
And followed the example of the gallant Sophomore."

The Junior lays aside his books and daily cares
Lifts up his voice so eloquent and declares
"Just one more year," he says, "I will bid the Profs. farewell
And do more for the world than tongue or pen can tell."
But when he sees his grades, he feels a little sore
Because he failed to imitate the gallant Sophomore.

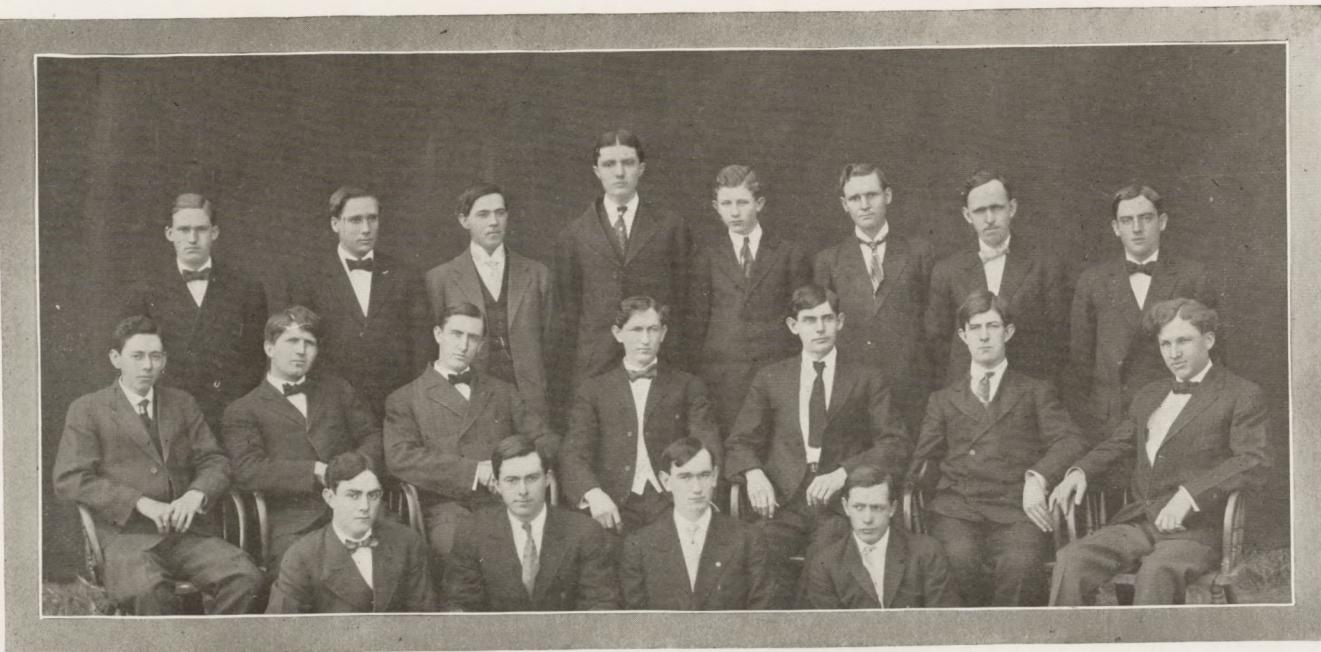
The Freshman struggles hard with power and with might,
Through the long and weary day and part of the lonely night,
Looking on with joyful heart to that great eventful day
When, with joy and pride and happiness, he can say:
"Oh, ye Profs., I shall love and cherish you forever and evermore
For your patience in transforming me to a gallant Sophomore."

The Prep. who plods the long and dreary way,
Sometimes glad, sometimes sad, sometimes gay,
Stops and gives a dreary mournful sigh
And thinks of the good and happy days gone by.
Then he pauses as he stands before the Chapel door
Longing for his time to be a gallant Sophomore.



Sophomore Roll

Aaron, G. B.	Zion Hill
Alliston, W. D.	Florence
Alliston, W. S.	Florence
Anderson, W. H.	Dumas
Ballard, Douglas	Hattiesburg
Barnett, T. J.	Carthage
Branton, R. L.	Lenoir
Brent, J. C.	Silver Creek
Burgin, W. G.	Mayhew
Butler, C. E.	Clinton
Caughman, C. A.	Burns
Cooper, H. E.	Canton
Dale, D. W.	Prentiss
Dees, R. E.	Crystall Springs
Donnell, G. R.	Blue Mountain
Johnson, Noel	Water Valley
Eager, P. H.	Clinton
Eddleman, R. A.	Weir
Ellzey, L. R.	Wesson
Easom, P. H.	Carthage
Furniss, T. J.	Leland



Sophomore Roll

Emerson, W. O.	Eudora
Estes, O. P.	Clinton
Foster, T. C.	Hermanville
Fortenberry, W. E.	McGowen
Ford, J. J.	Bay Springs
Halbert, J. P.	Columbus
Hewes, S. G.	Edwards
Jackson, W. P.	Starkville
Laseter, C. I.	Track
Martin, R. E.	Bentonia
Mayhall, N. G.	Gloster
McDowell, R. P.	Columbia
Middleton, T. A.	Caseyville
Newman, T. K.	Roxie
Richards, H. C.	Laurel
Russell, Horace	Daniels
Standifer, L. C.	Clinton
Shoemaker, W. J.	Clinton
Whittington, S. B.	O'Neal



Sophomore Roll

Kyzar, J. R.	Bogue Chitto
Lambert, W. T.	Monticello
Martin, V. G.	Daniels
Patrick, W. J.	Rufus
Powell, H. W.	Florence
Pritchard, W. A.	Durant
Nobles, J. S.	Flora
Kenna, W. B.	Auburn
Rogers, C. M.	Collins
Russell, Hilton	Daniels
Spight, H. K.	Ecru
Skelton, A.	Slate Springs
Stovall, J. H.	Clinton
Washburn, N. I.	Clinton
Wells, J. T.	Clinton
Watson, J. C.	Daniels

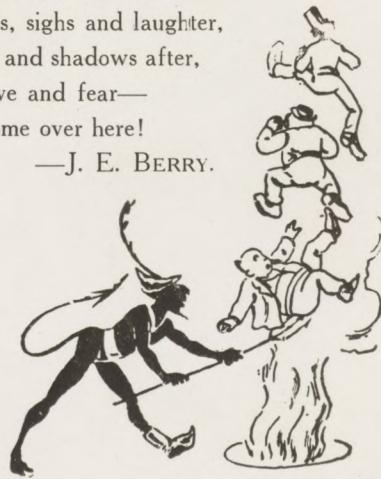
Just A Thinking

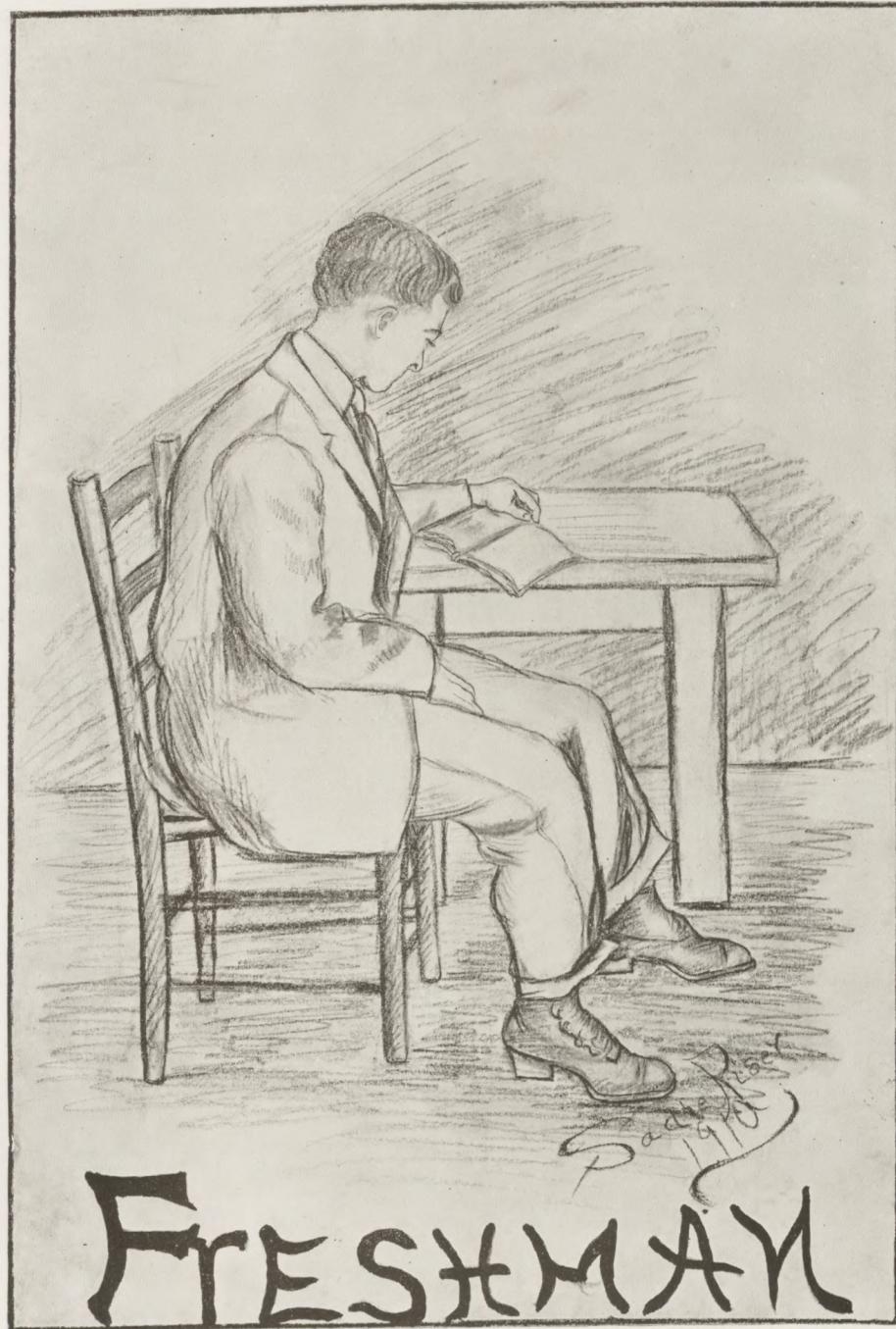
Mighty lonesome over here,
Good old world, but kinder drear,
Sunlight dying in the west
Like a hope does in your breast,
Like a dream that fades from sight,
While the shadows build the night,
And I wonder if you keer—
Doggone lonesome over here!

Mighty lonesome over here,
Wonder what makes things appear
Dreamy-like and kinder strange,
Changing just like shadows change.
Somehow things we love the most
Always seem the soonest lost—
Far away now, once so near—
Doggone lonesome over here!

Mighty lonesome over here,
Life itself is kinder queer
With its mangled joys and sorrows,
Sweet todays and sad tomorrows,
Pain and pathos, sighs and laughter,
Sunlight sweeps and shadows after,
Memories to love and fear—
Doggone lonesome over here!

—J. E. BERRY.





In Memoriam

Willie Hill McAlister

John H. Whitten

1910

Freshman Class Officers

J. G. CHASTAIN	<i>President</i>
P. G. POPE	<i>Vice-President</i>
I. C. RUSHING	<i>Secretary</i>
W. B. HAYNIE	<i>Poet</i>
L. G. WALLACE	<i>Historian</i>
A. T. WHITTEN	<i>Prophet</i>

Class History

"Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Freshmen!" Thus we have been cheered by every class team except our own, and of course, we were to modest for that. Therefore we feel no hesitancy in saying we are the most popular class in school. We are socialist. In our ranks the erstwhile Prep. stands by the erstwhile Soph. The only difference is that the one is inflated, the other too inflated.

Our Land is the most extensive in school, and we may boast of a Milton, a Johnson, a Pope, and a Saint. With these what Moore could we want to do a Rushing business, especially as we have a Leavell head?

We furnished a whole team to enter the class football games last fall, and expect to furnish several others before summer. We are athletes; we are orators. We have the dynamic power, that of "busting." With these attributes, it is no wonder we are the goal of all classes, even the Preps. Wasn't one of our members sought by Godbold and "Zed" until 3:45 A. M. not long ago?

But to make these brilliant annals of our class short, for fear of incurring the jealousy of Ridpath, or George Henry, let us say that our track would make John J. Hayes stay up all night for training; our baseball would make Hans Wagner retire and go into the poultry business; our poetry would make "Ajax" degenerate to the size of little "Bill;" our class meetings would make Congress pass the tariff bill, or Parliament kill the budget; our zoology dissection would prove that the cat was the predestinator of Jim's gold fish; and greater yet, our mules would imbue any one with the spirit of '76, and cause him to place on our brows the wreath of victory—my doubts are gone.

—HISTORIAN.

Freshman Prophecy

Not long ago, while struggling with one of the difficult lessons that "Zeus" is prone to assign, I fell into a trance. A remarkable scene passed before my prophetic vision. It was the M. C. Class of 1913. Twenty years from the day of their graduation, they were attending their alumni banquet. While we were indulging ourselves in the rich and rare delicacies prepared for the feast, I learned a bit of history of the lives and achievements of several members of the class. Leavell had become Prof. of Math. in a western university, the name of which I have forgotten. His career there had been one of brilliancy and superiority. Beaty was still at the "Stute" unmarried, though he had exhausted all the means imaginable. Rogers had become a normal singing teacher and at this time had M. B. Longino and "Biscuit" Simmons as special students. Rushing by his fascinating smiles, had won the heart and hand of Chastain's beautiful daughter and was living on an extensive western ranch. He also had Milton and Hailey employed to look after his herd. Milton had left school with the intention of preaching, but finding himself not adapted to that profession, he went and hired to Rushing. Now V. B. Lowrey was born under more auspicious omens than any other member of the class. While talking with him in the banquet hall, I learned he had been recently elected Justice of the Peace of his precinct. J. N. Miller informed me that he lacked only one year of having his Ph. D. degree from Harvard. He said that he intended to travel in the east for ten years and then become Prof. of Latin. In all this number of graduates, there was only one drummer. He was P. G. Pope who was drumming in Arkansas on patent medicines.

I had just begun to talk to Hall, Miley, and Price, when I was aroused from my trance by some one asking me, if I had read my Greek. With this the interview with my classmates ceased. I have always regretted that I did not have the time to get a short history of all of them.

—PROPHET.

Later On

I.

Busting will be unknown of us—Later on,
Wisdom will be in the bone of us, Later on;
Every fellow will declare
That his head is nearly bare
And wish for longer hair—Later on.

II.

We will forget the toilsome hours—Later on,
For buds shall blossom into flowers—Later on.
We will forget the questions then
That made us quake—but made us men,
And praise the pros that dealt therein—Later on.

III.

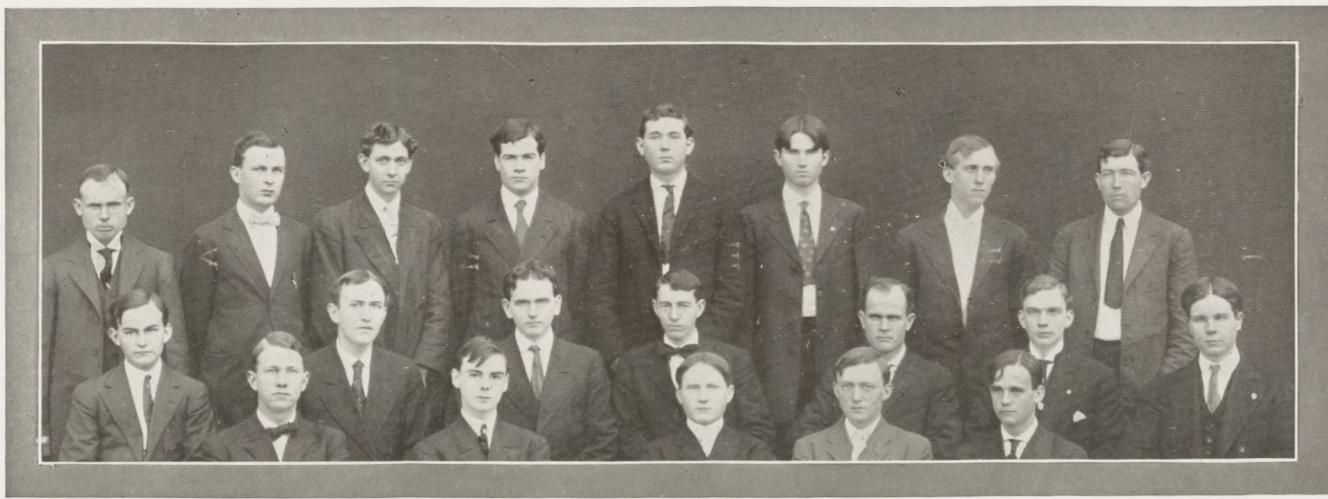
We will look better to the Stute—Later on,
Some queens perchance may call us cute—Later on;
Gigantic punch bowls then will fizz,
Commencement fans will gaily whizz
And preps with envy fairly sizz—Later on.

IV.

She won't be sorry that we came—Later on,
And ask her friend "Ain't it a shame?"—Later on;
For each may yet become a swell
Yea, every lobster, you can't tell
Just what's concealed within a shell—Till later on.

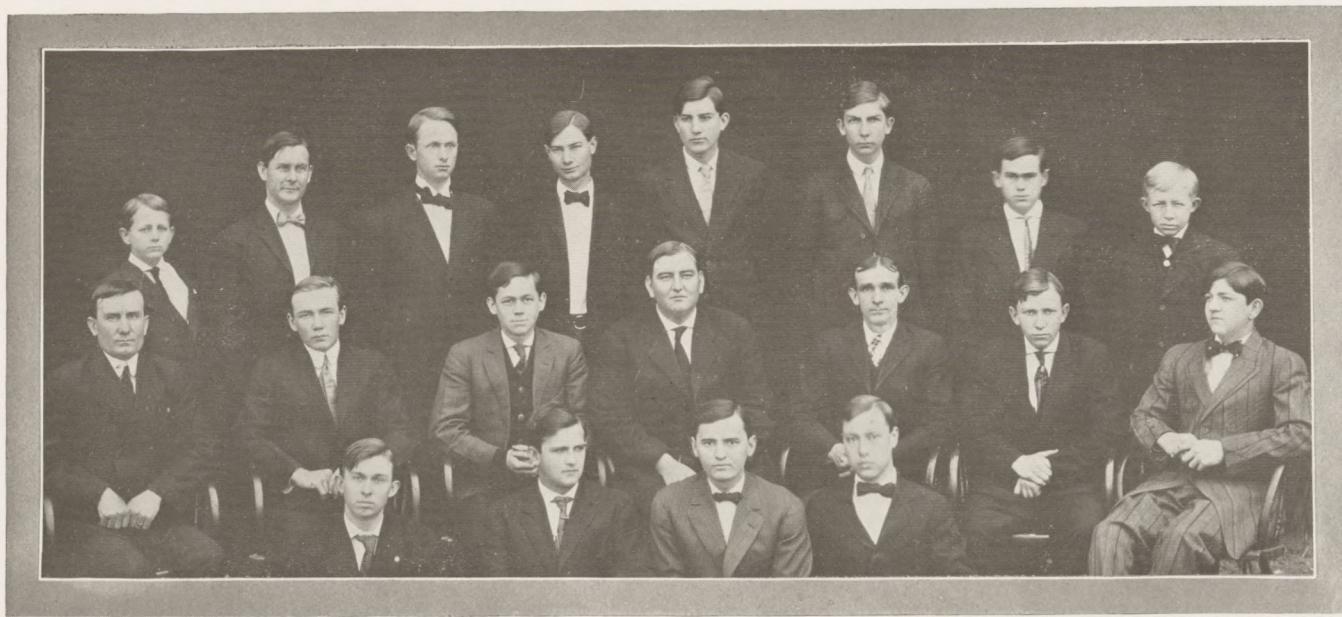
V.

For we will work as best we can—Later on,
And look back on the race we ran—Later on.
So don't you worry, boys, and fuss
And fret and swear and sweat and cuss
For each will be a "Lumnibus"—Later on.



Freshmen Roll

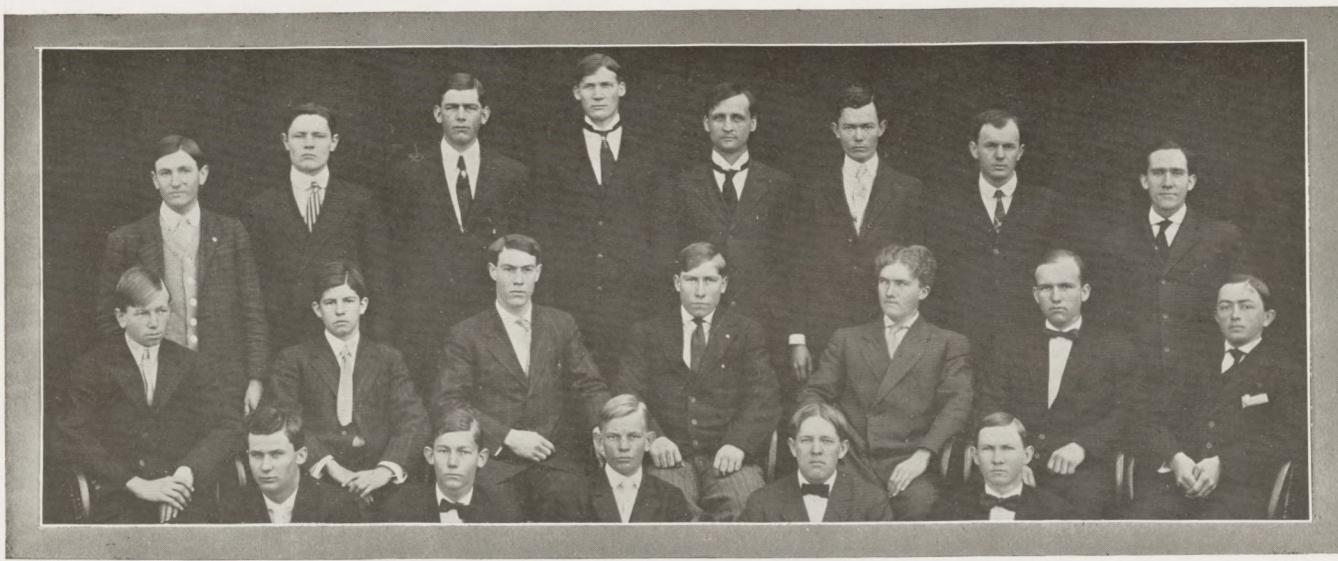
Aden, M. M.	Valley Park
Busby, L. H.	Summit
Beaty, J. A.	Blue Mountain
Chastain, J. G. Jr.	Blue Mountain
Crawley, Z. E.	Oloh
Davis, C. T.	Terry
Denson, J. J.	Bay Springs
Dikes, E. D.	Kentwood, La.
Epting, J. L.	Lingle
Gates, G. W.	Crystal Springs
Godman, G. E.	Terry
Graves, W. T.	Columbia
Griffith, T. C.	Mt. Olive
Haley, L. P.	Meridian
Hollowell, J. C.	Zeiglerville
Howell, R. W.	Banner
Haynie, W. B.	Memphis, Tenn.
Henry, W. C.	Banner
Johnston, A. S.	Gloster
Leavell, H. O.	Ecru



Freshmen Roll

Hall, L. D.	Lumberton
Hancock, W. A.	Clinton
Harrell, F. J.	Liverpool, La.
Kennebrew, J. P.	Olio
Lackey, J. B.	Clinton
Land, H. P.	DeKalb
Lipsey, P. I. Jr.	Clinton
Lowrey, V. B.	Blue Mountain
Madison, W. L.	Brooksville
McNeese, R. R.	Columbia
Miller, J. N.	Columbia
Morris, W. T.	Tylertown
Moore, R. E.	Battlefield
Miley, C. S.	Newton
Pigott, G. S.	Tylertown
Polk, L. L.	Purvis
Powell, R. L.	Collins
Pryor, J. Z.	Slate Springs
Purvis, T. M.	Purvis

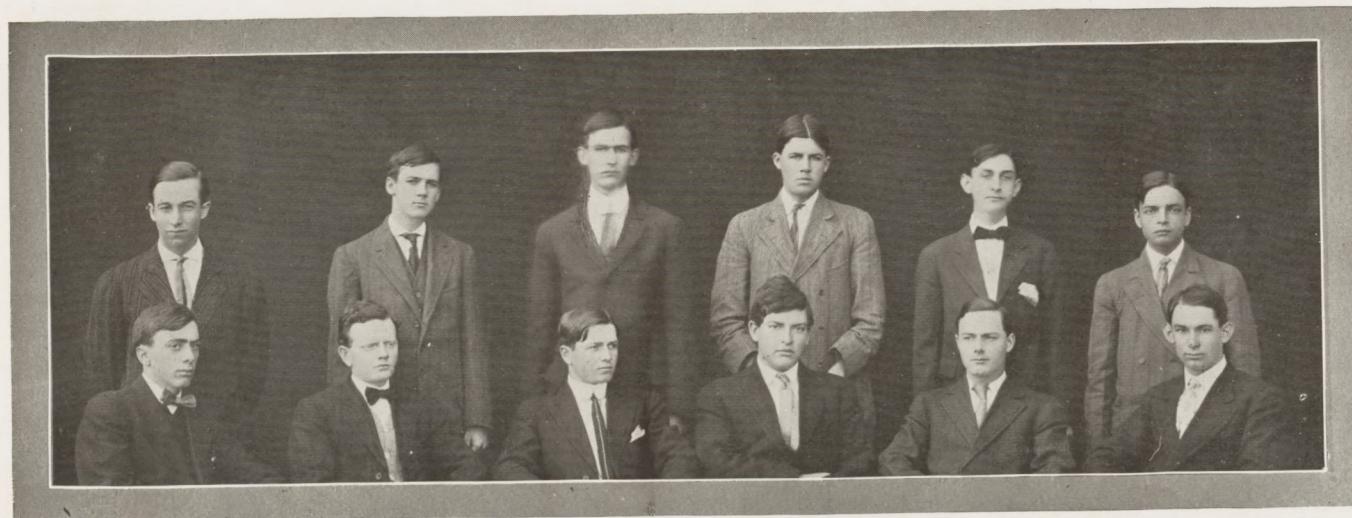
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Freshmen Roll

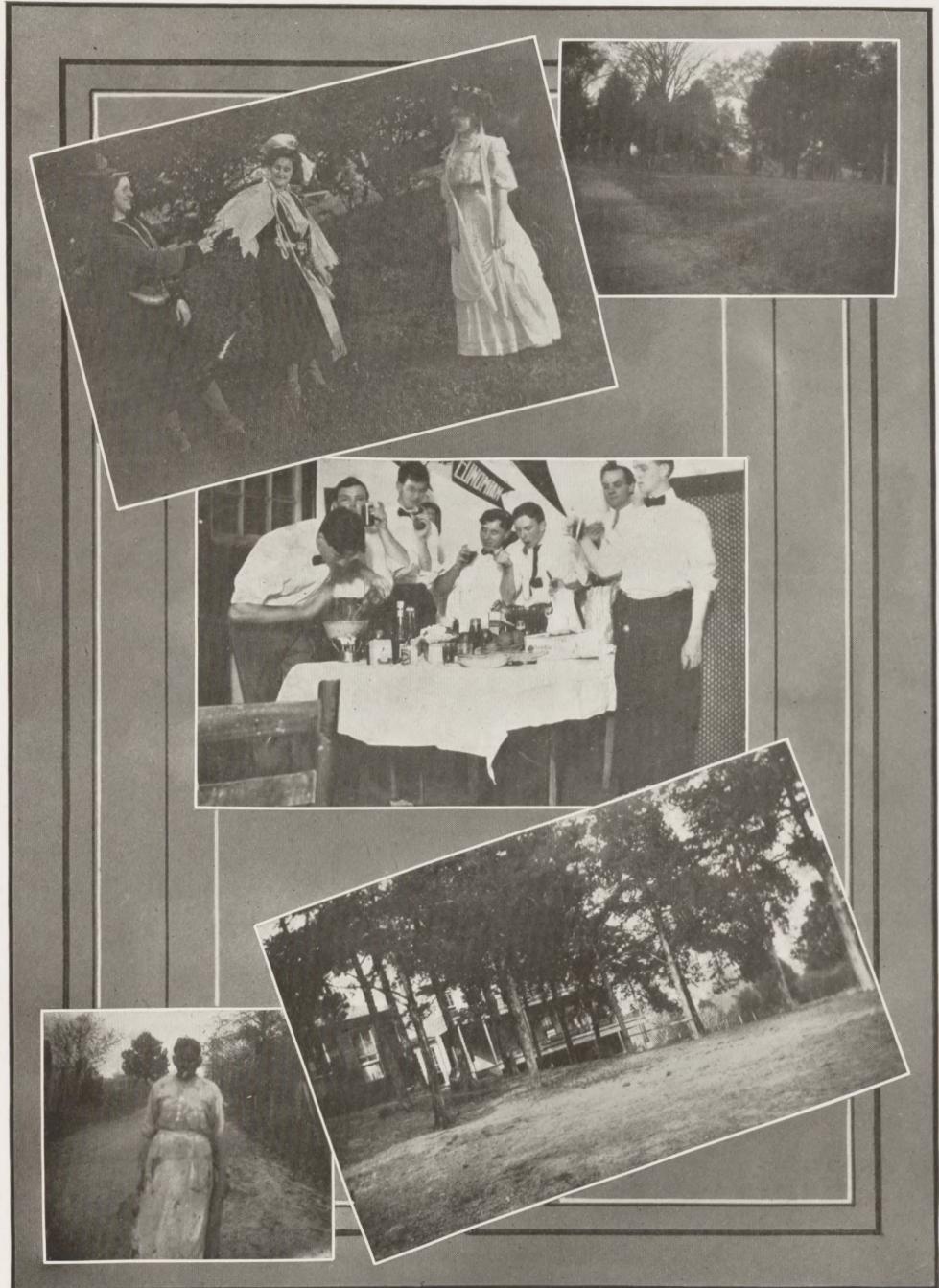
Milton, W. C.	Baldwyn
Priddy, W. F.	Clinton
Rogers, A. D.	Collins
Russum, B. P.	Flora
Ramsey, L. C.	Crystal Springs
Scruggs, W. P.	Hemingway
Simmons, D. R.	Tylertown
Smith, S. J.	Clinton
Smith, W. M.	Florence
Stringer, E. E.	Bay Springs
Turley, B. O.	Eupora
Thompson, M. J.	Louisiana
Thompson, C. E.	Louisiana
Thomas, S. B.	Greenville
Turnage, E. B.	New Hebron

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Freshmen Roll

Voyles, C. A.	Louisiana
Wallace, L. G.	Tillatoba
Williams, S. A.	Ruth
Whitten, A. T.	Clinton
Simmons, T. E.	Mesa
Simmons, J. M.	Magnolia
Smith, W. A.	Rayville, La.
Walker, C. A.	Mt. Olive
Mallory, L. C.	Rosedale
Griffith, W. H.	Vicksburg
Smith, Norwood	Clarkesdale
St. Clair, Rowe	Hattiesburg
Dudley, W. H. C.	Clinton
Mulherne, T. J.	Alto, La.
Miller, R. C.	Leakesville
Whitten, J. H.	Kosciusko





Preparatory Department

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E. E. POOL	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. B. HARRISON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
C. C. BRISCOE	<i>Poet</i>
S. H. SHEPPARD	<i>Historian</i>
K. C. WILLIAMS	<i>Sport</i>

Motto: "The future is ours."

Colors: Baby Blue and Green.



Prep Poem

Over the hills of prep. exams,
Over in the prep. prof's hall,
We hurry amain, to reach the plain,
To make the rise and the call,
Of the "dip" we hope someday to gain.
But lying in bed (as we have often lied,
In fleeing from profs. on every side,)
Is far less pain, than laboring in vain.
Over the hills of prep. exams,
Over the prep. prof's hall.

Beyond the hill of prep. exams,
All through the prep. prof's hall,
The dailies cried, "Abide, Abide,"
And puzzling exams held us thrall.
No victor's laurels turned our tide,
But "C's" and "Minus C's", said "Stay."
No goosebacks dripped to a sheepskin lay,
And reports all sighed "Abide, Abide,"
Here o'er the hill of prep. exams,
Here in the prep. prof's hall."

High o'er the hill of prep. exams,
Veiling the prep. prof's hall,
The Freshie told me, manifold,
Fair tales of Jacks and Ajax tall,
While preps. he scorned and treated cold.
The Seniors, the Juniors, the Sophs, the Prof's
Overbearing, their wisdom airing, with scoffs.
For Prepdom's follies manifold,
Make light of the hill of prep. exams,
Laugh at the prep. prof's hall.

But Oh, not the hill of prep. exam,
And Oh, not the prep. prof's hall
Avail: for we are fain, to attain the plain,
Upward the voices of duty call.
Upward to toil and victory to gain;
For tasks more stern, await their turn,
When prepdom's lessons we shall learn—
For the heights we'll gain and beyond the plain
Look back on the hill of prep. exams,
Look back on the prep. prof's hall.

—POET.



The Ten Commandments of the Faculty

And the President spake all these words, saying:

We are the High Councillors of this aggregation. We have led thee into the land
of Chapel exercise and rules, out of the house at eight o'clock every morning.

We refuse to yield to any higher authority.

Thou shalt not break the Chapel rules, for since there are no others like them
anywhere on earth, we could not obtain another set.

We will exercise leniency in all cases especially worthy of compassion by
interpreting the rules literally.

Do not swear at us when we refuse the eleventh Chapel-cut, for we will not
hold him Cutless who sleepeth over time.

Remember thy Chapel-cuts and keep them wholly.

Grind six days in the week and do all thy work.

Honor the Chapel exercise that thy days at this institution may not be
lengthened.

Thou shalt not be sick without obtaining permission in advance.

Thou shalt not give false information to thy neighbor in recitation.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's marks, nor his Pull, for a hair in the head
is worth two in the brush.

Therefore, make the best of thine own possessions.

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HILLMAN COLLEGE

Religious Organizations



Y. M. C. A.

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H. P. RISER	<i>Secretary</i>
W. R. LANGFORD	<i>Treasurer</i>

B. Y. P. U.

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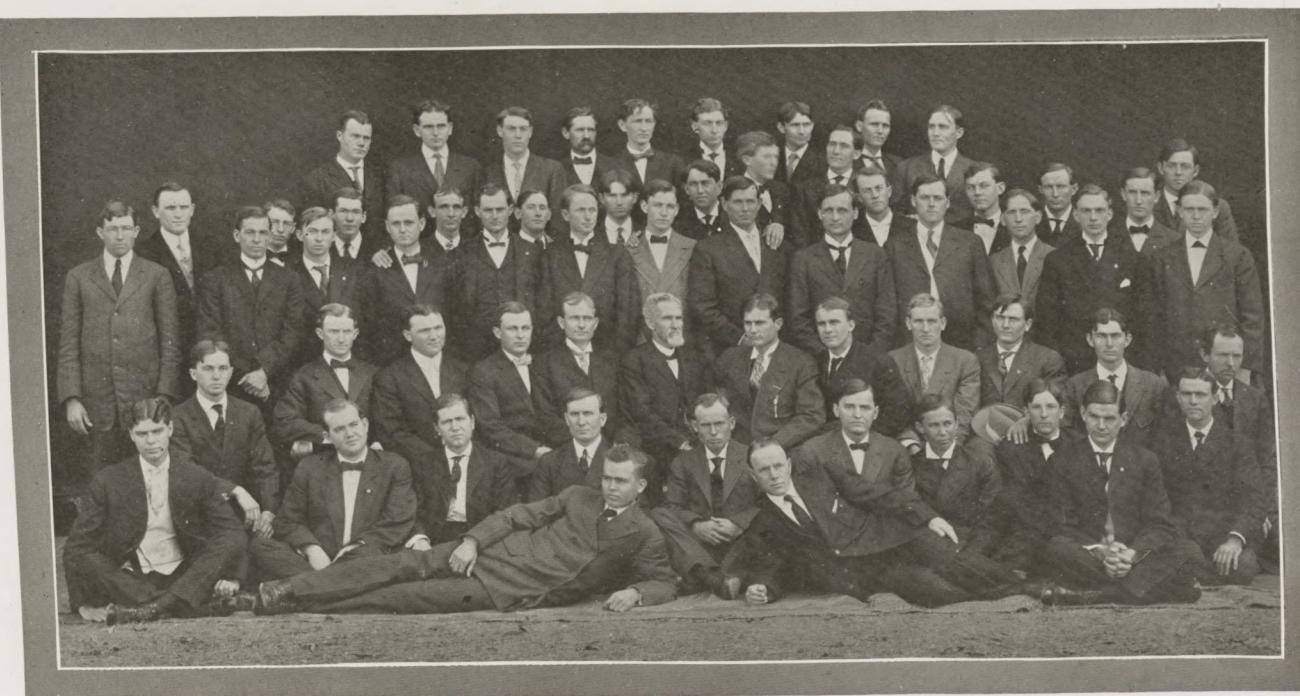
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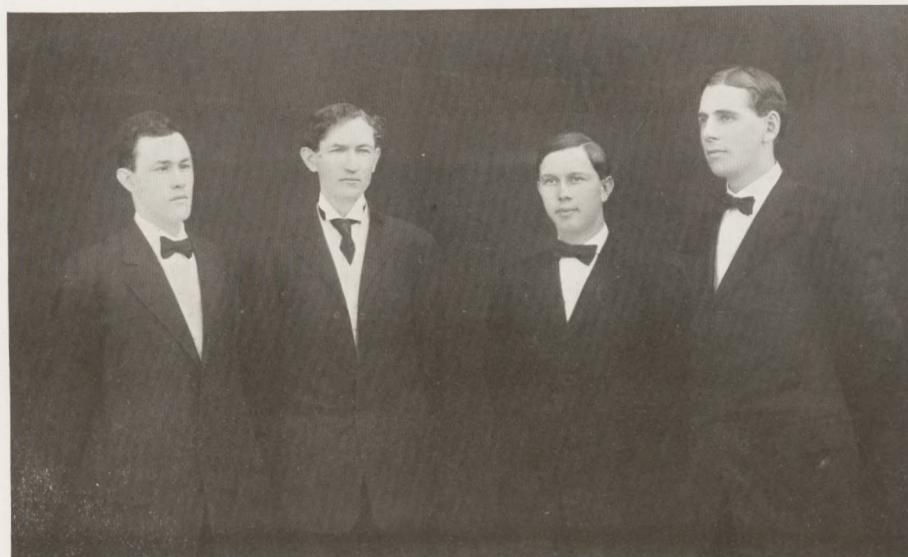
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CHURCH QUARTETTE

O. P. Estes, First Bass.
L. L. Rogers, First Tenor.

E. V. Schilling, Second Tenor.
E. Godbold, Second Bass.

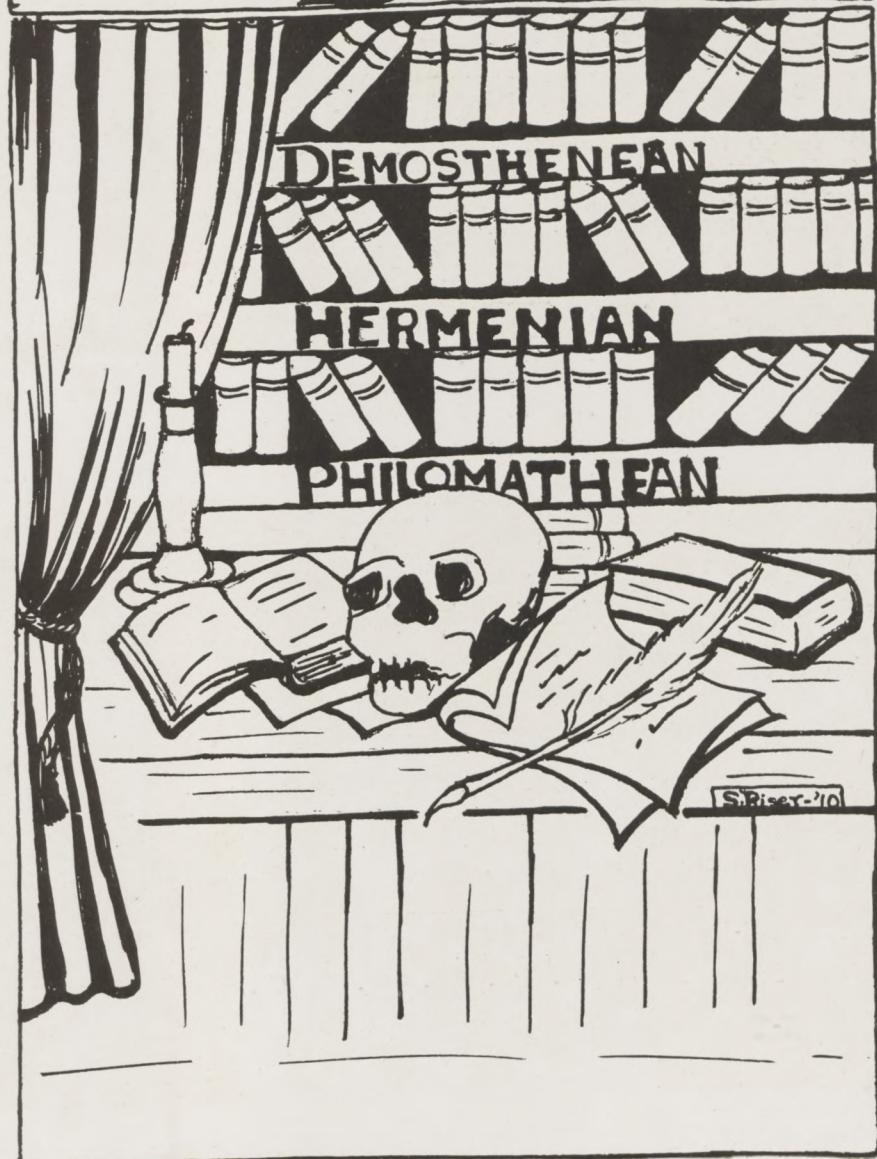


MIXED QUARTETTE

Miss Ruby Lowrey, Alto.
Miss Margaret Lewis, Soprano.

C. D. Johnson, Bass.
L. L. Rogers, Tenor.

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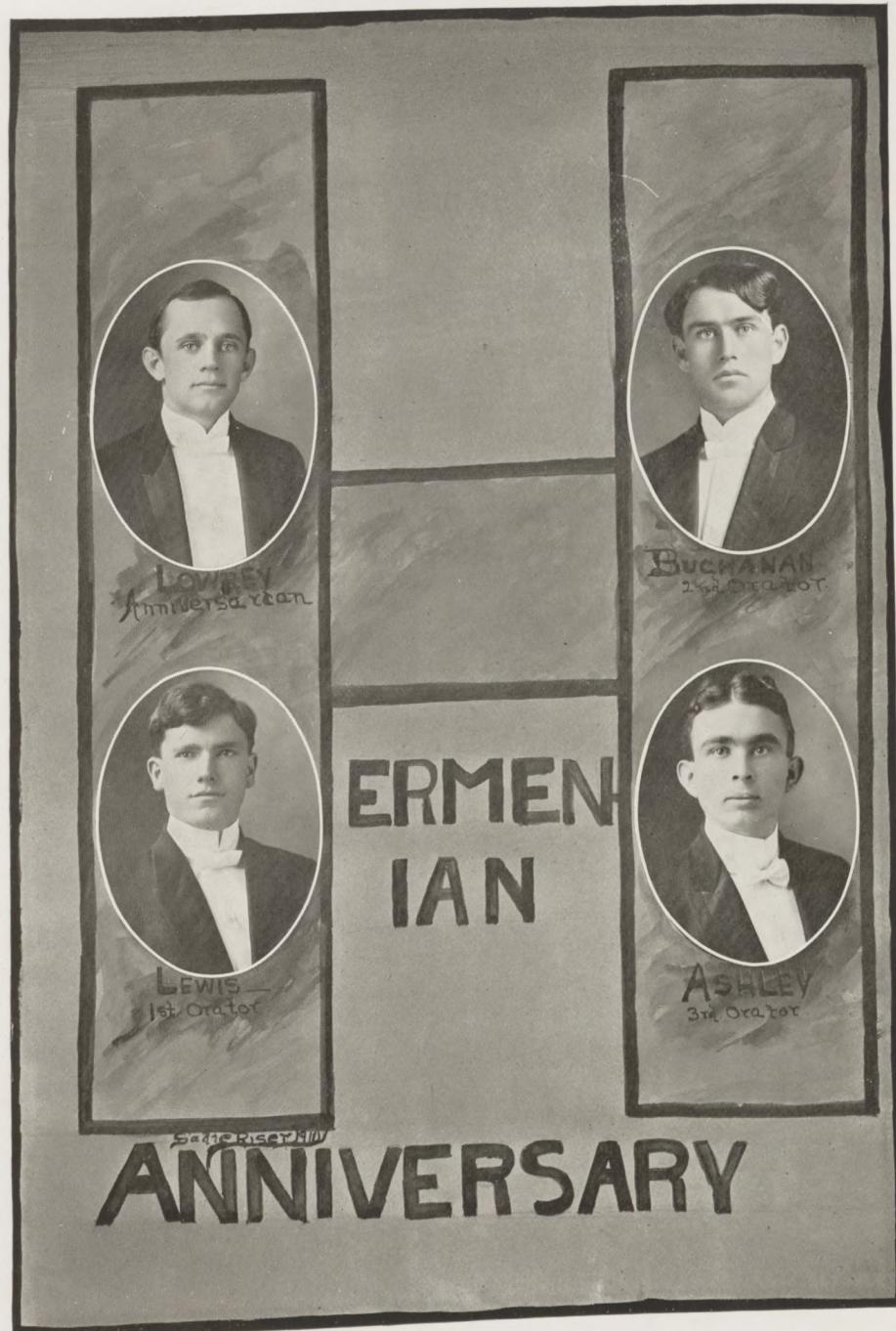
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1909-1910

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STANLEY
1st Orator



FRANKLIN
Anniversary
Orator



ROGERS
2nd Orator



ROBERT S.
Sadie Riser - 1910

HILO- MATHIAN

ANNIVERSARY

Officers of Demosthenean Society

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THIRD TERM

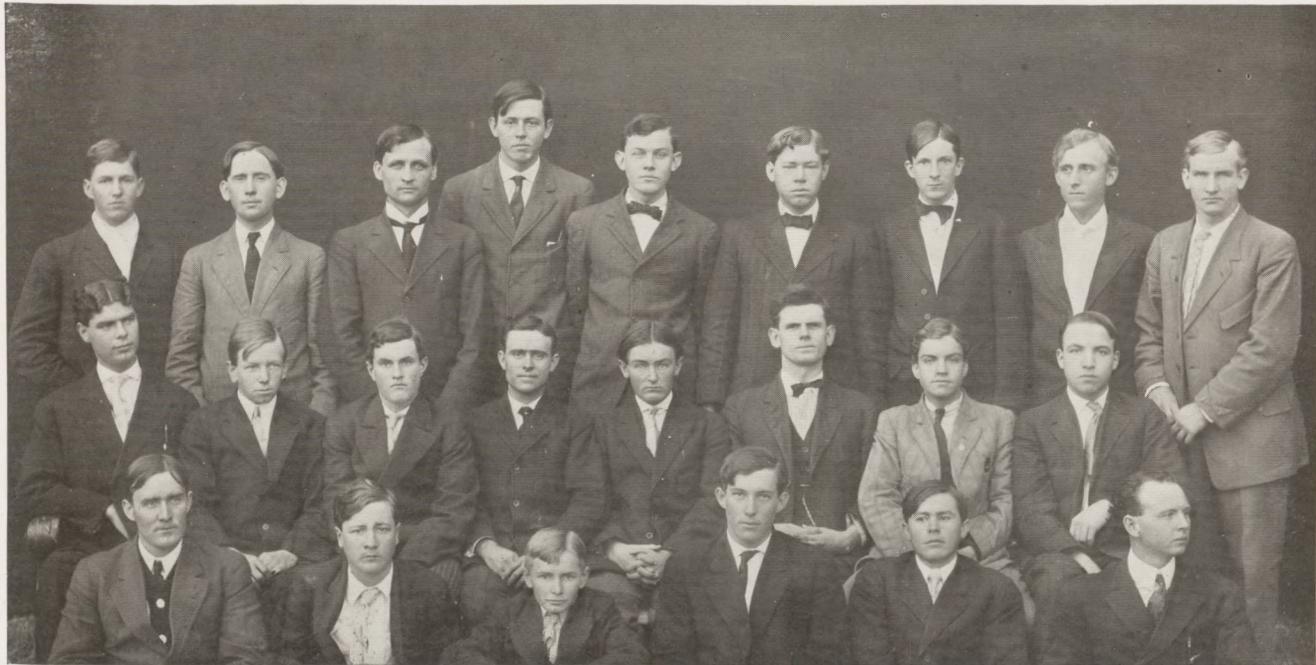
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E. GODBOLD	<i>Critic</i>
W. M. KETHLEY	<i>Treasurer</i>



J. N. MILLER, ANNIVERSARIAN

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DEMOSTHENEAN SOCIETY

For the Sake of Honor

Jim Barton walked restlessly back and forth in his room at his boarding place, while a troubled look clouded his usually cheerful countenance. Finally throwing himself in a chair, he read once more the note which had been handed him a few minutes before, and which he had at first crumpled in his hand. It was a short, businesslike note, simply asking him to meet the president of a well-known business firm in his office at nine o'clock that same evening.

"If there ever was a fellow who stood in need of his good angel to pull him through, I guess I'm that fellow," he muttered to himself as he realized just how much that letter could mean to him.

It was truly a "psychic moment" in his life, as the novelist would say, for a powerful temptation had been thrown in his way and he knew that he must decide this question, for the right—or for the wrong. Under ordinary circumstances, he would not have hesitated one moment to decide according to the dictates of his own sensitive conscience, but somehow it was different this time, and a look of indecision lingered in his grey eyes.

He had come to the city more than two years before, full of ambition to fight his way to success by strict honesty and integrity, but he had not gained the success that he had hoped for. Shortly after his coming he had been employed as a clerk by one of the leading business firms of the city, but, though he held a position of great trust, still his salary was hardly more than enough to pay his necessary expenses. He had worked hard and faithfully, but now two years had passed and he had not been promoted one single time. True, the firm which had employed him was very conservative and was careful about promoting its employees, but it did seem hard to work all this time and still be just where one had started. And then there was a girl in the case too, so this made it worse still. He had cherished the hope of a "raise" now for some time, for he was very anxious to put away a few dollars as the months went by towards procuring a neat little home to which he would some day bring the idol of his heart.

And now all this was within his reach, if he would only accept the conditions. While the note only asked that he call at the president's office at nine that evening; yet he knew very well the object that the sender had in view. Once before the rival firm had broached the subject of paying him a considerable sum of money if he would disclose certain information in regard to the business transactions of his firm, which they knew was in his possession, on the eve of a great financial deal, but he had indignantly refused to do what he considered an act of the greatest treachery. And now they were trying again to buy him with money, and for the first time in all his life, he was actually debating in his mind whether he should do right or wrong! He knew very well that the transaction would be kept secret and that there was no probability that any one outside of those directly engaged would ever suspect him, but he shuddered at the thought of committing any act of treachery against his firm.

"I'll go over and talk with Lucile awhile, and perhaps that will bring me to my senses," he murmured as he rose from his chair. "It is already eight o'clock," he added as he glanced at his watch, "so if I go over there maybe I will forget all about this appointment."

He quickly donned a fresh necktie, gave a few touches to his disordered hair, brushed up his clothing and hastened out. It was only a few blocks to the Davidson mansion,

and he was soon standing at the door of his sweetheart's home. A servant answered his ring and told him that he would find Miss Davidson in the parlor, and waiting for no introduction, he went into the room.

"Oh, you bad, bad boy," Lucile exclaimed as he rose from the piano and hastened forward to meet him. "You shouldn't come in unannounced this way," she added, at the same time trying playfully to force a stern look in her laughing eyes.

She was a beautiful young girl, with a charming disposition and a captivating vivacity of manner. Her form was a very poem of grace and symmetry, a healthy glow suffused her cheeks, and the snowy whiteness of her forehead was set off to advantage by a mass of dark hair, while her flashing dark grey eyes betrayed a fondness for gayety and excitement. But beneath all her gayety and love for pleasure, lay a soul as pure and unspotted as the newly fallen snow.

They chatted gayly for some time, and Jim seemed to have forgotten all about his little trouble in the presence of the charming girl whom he loved with all the passion of his strong nature.

"Lucile, when will you consent to have our engagement announced?" he asked tenderly as he bent over the beautiful girl.

"Oh, you musn't think of such a thing as this until you are able to support a wife," she answered laughingly. "It is useless for us to think of marrying until you have accumulated a little for us to begin with, or hold a better paying position than the one you now occupy," she added seriously, noticing the look on his face. "Oh, Jim, why can't you succeed like other people? You and Mr. Sanford were in college together, but now he rides in his own automobile, while you are—"

"Only a common clerk," he finished for her. "Perhaps if I had followed the underhand methods that some of our prominent business men follow, I might not be looked down upon as a mere clerk," he added half bitterly.

"Then why don't you follow some such method if you can't succeed any other way, even if it is not so 'honest' as you say," she spoke up hastily, and he seemed to detect a note of disappointment in her voice.

"Since you wish it, I will try to succeed in this way too," he said passionately, and his voice sounded harsh and strange. "If I do anything that is not just exactly right, remembered you sanctioned it and drove me on," he added, stung to the quick by the thought that she had been disappointed in him, and without another word quickly left the room.

She sat motionless for a few moments, surprised at his unusual speech and blaming herself as the cause of his anger, and then rising quickly she rushed to the door to call him back and ask his forgiveness for her thoughtless words, but Jim had already disappeared around the corner. His conduct seemed strange to her, for during their whole acquaintance she had never known him to lose his temper or speak that way.

"Poor little simpleton that I am," she reproached herself angrily as she threw herself on the couch in her room, and warm tears trickled down her cheeks. "I didn't mean that at all, for I wouldn't have him do one dishonest act for the whole world," and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her thoughtless words had already driven him on to commit some great wrong. And then she laughed over her gloomy forebodings, for she knew him too well to believe that he would let anything influence him to do a dishonest act of any kind. "Dear old Jim couldn't even harbor in his mind for one moment the thought of doing a dishonest deed, much less carry it into effect," she mused. "But I will be good next time and make amends for this, for he knows that I love him, and—well, I would be perfectly willing to marry him tomorrow if he still wants me," and then she fell to musing over the happy days of her past life and building air castles for the future.

Poor girl, had she known just what thoughts were over-powering her lover's mind when he left her, and the dishonest act that he was about to commit at that very moment, she would have never forgiven herself for her hasty, thoughtless speech.

When Jim hastened away from the Davidson home, only the one thought filled his mind, overpowering all others,—the desire to reach the president's office before the appointed hour had passed and accept the offer that would be held out to him. He looked at his watch as he passed a street lamp and saw that it still lacked fifteen minutes to nine, and by catching a car he would be able to reach the office in time.

"I suppose Lucile has cause enough to be disappointed with me, for I have been a failure," he reflected bitterly as he stood waiting for a car. "And then she could marry one of the wealthiest men in this city if she only wanted to, and to think that she has wasted her love on a poor, underpaid clerk. Perhaps I have been wrong after all in trying to make an honest fight," he almost spoke aloud. And then his thoughts turned back to his life at Mississippi College. He recalled the time when he had been a candidate for the position as anniversarian of his society, and how he had been defeated by Robert Sanford, the very man that Lucile had spoken of only a few minutes before. Several of his best friends had come to him that time and asked him to allow them to use certain damaging information against his opponent, which would have caused his opponent's defeat by a large majority. But while he knew only too well that Sanford had been guilty of "jacking" on nearly every examination he had passed, and that his friends thought it no more than right to make this fact known to the members of his society and use it as a means of securing his own election, still he had declined to allow this to be brought into the campaign, and as a consequence, he had suffered defeat. Lucile had been a student at Hillman at the time and Sanford had also been his rival, but he had succeeded in winning the love of the beautiful girl, even if he had been defeated by his rival in the other matter, and had gone to her home city for employment after finishing his course at college.

He stepped off almost mechanically, as the car stopped in front of a large office building in the heart of the city, and ran up the stairs and tapped lightly on the office door. His face was drawn and white, and he had the appearance of one who was trying to crush out the pleading voice of a sensitive conscience.

"Ah, I see you have come," the president spoke up as he opened the door and motioned him to a chair. "Now let's get down to business. The proposition is simply this, Mr. Barton," he said as he fixed his keen eyes on the young man. "We will pay you five thousand dollars if you will tell us whether your firm expects to buy, or to sell, in the deal which they are planning to pull off tomorrow. This is purely a business proposition with us, and you may rest assured that it shall be kept secret from all outsiders. Now what do you say to this?" the president asked, fixing his piercing eyes once more on the countenance of young clerk.

Jim remained silent only for a moment, but it seemed that his whole past life came before him in that short time—the teachings of his father and mother, of his beloved college president and professors—all this came suddenly before him, pleading with him to preserve his honor and resist the temptation, and he knew that his good angel had gained the victory.

"Mr. Lamar," he said quietly as he rose from his chair and turned to the president, "I will not sell my honor for any price, and it will be useless for you to make me another offer." And turning from the disappointed president he stepped out once more into the night.

The following evening he was again on his way to the Davidson home, for Lucile had sent him a note that morning, full of loving words, and heaping reproach after re-

proach upon herself for having caused him to leave in anger the evening before, and telling him that she could never be happy until he came over and forgave her.

"Oh Jim, I have been the meanest, wickedest old thing in the world, but if you will forgive me this time, I'll promise to be good the rest of my days," she exclaimed as she met him at the door.

"Hush," he said as he led her to the sofa and sat down by her side, still holding the hand that she had placed in his, "you are nothing of the kind. On the contrary, you are the dearest little girl in the world. I was just out of sorts when I came over last evening and took your speech to mean that you were a little disappointed in me because I haven't succeeded very well, and I couldn't blame you much if you were. But I should have known you better than to have thought that you really meant what you said, for it would be impossible for you to want me to do anything like that. I didn't do anything so very bad after all," he added with a grim smile, "but—and then he told her about his temptation. As he finished his story, the servant came to the door saying that a postboy was waiting outside with a message for Mr. Barton.

As he took the letter he noticed that it was from the president of his own firm, and hastily breaking the seal he found that it was a formal notice telling him that he had been promoted to a position that would pay him almost double the amount of his old salary, and asking him to report for his new duties the following morning!

"What do you say to us marrying now?" he asked, turning to Lucile as she finished reading the note which he had placed in her hand, while a tender light shone in his eyes.

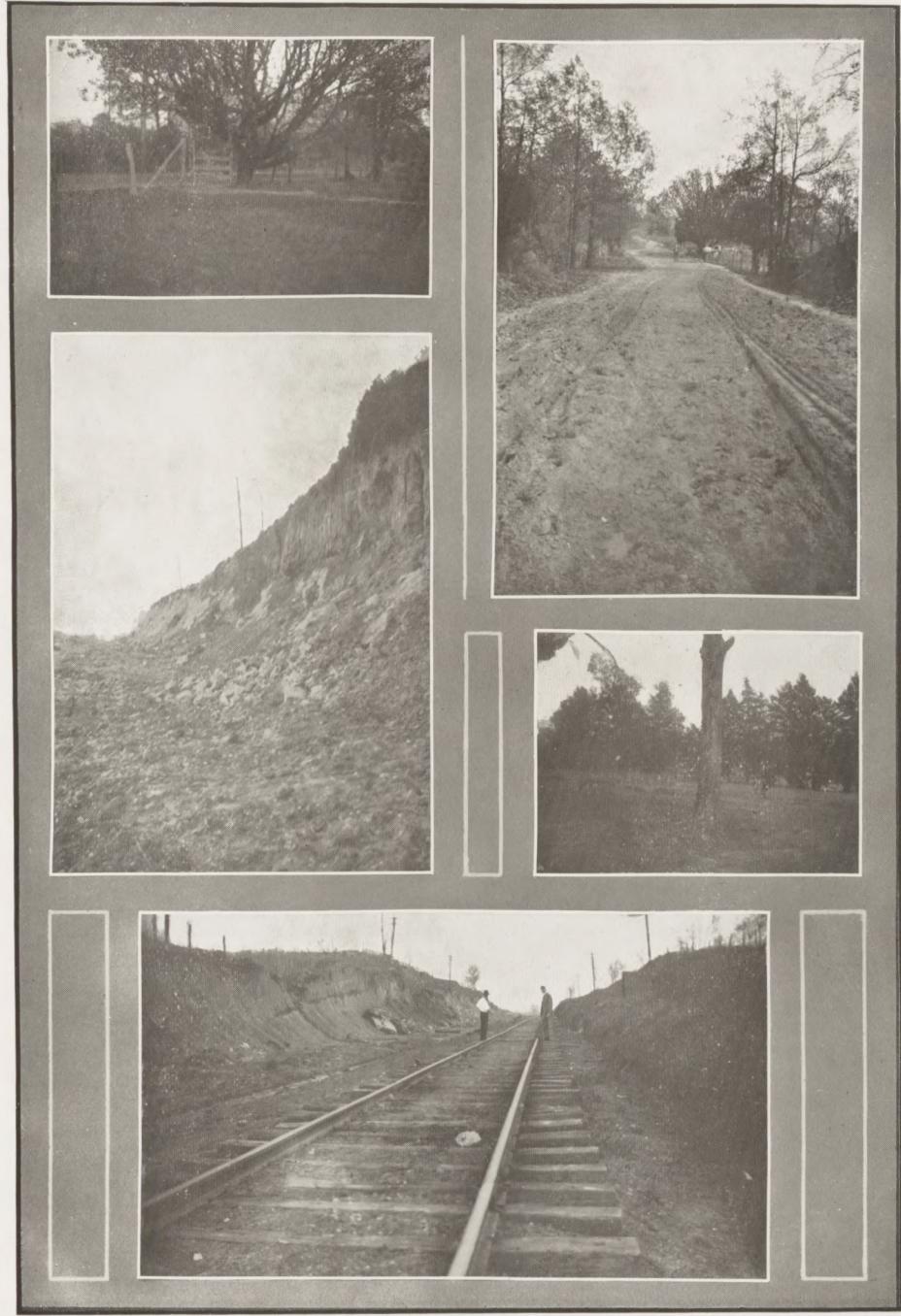
"Why, I would marry you if you didn't have one cent, for I know that I can trust you to do the right thing, no matter what comes across our path," she answered happily as she gently drew his head down and touched her lips lightly to his.

—MU SIGMA, '10.

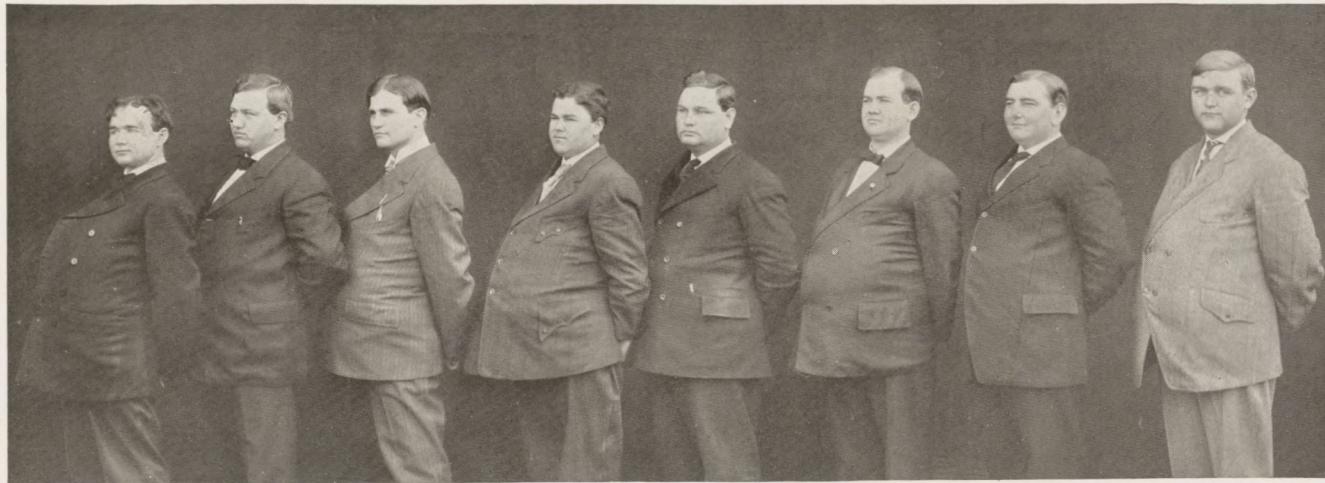




MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE MAGAZINE STAFF







FAT MEN'S CLUB

Raborn, Slayer of Slitz.

Furniss, Heavyweight Liar.

James, Obese Potentate.

Gas Tank Wynn,

MULTITUDES IN COMMON

Cute Corpulent Chadwick,

Jolly Jaeg Flint,

Baby Elephant Land.

Large Lumbering Latimer,



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"Doc" Noble and "Whiskers" Beard had stolen so much cane that they were afraid to face "Dutchy."



BULL DOGS

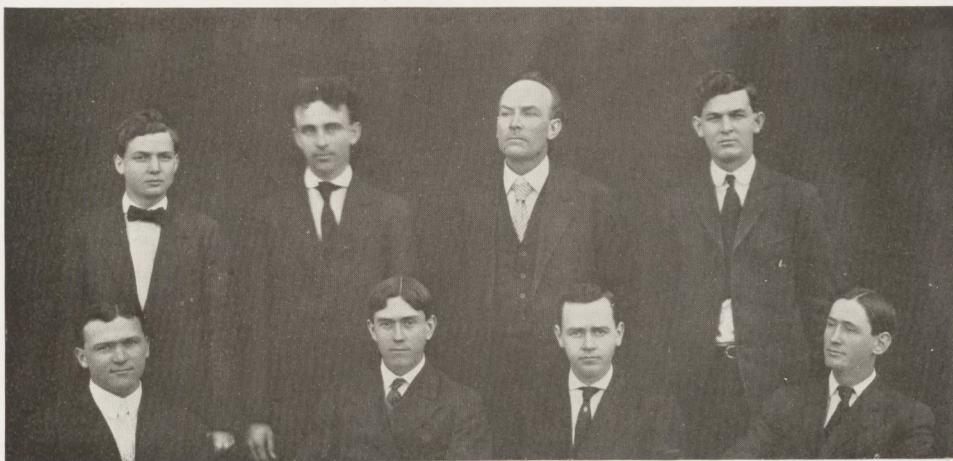


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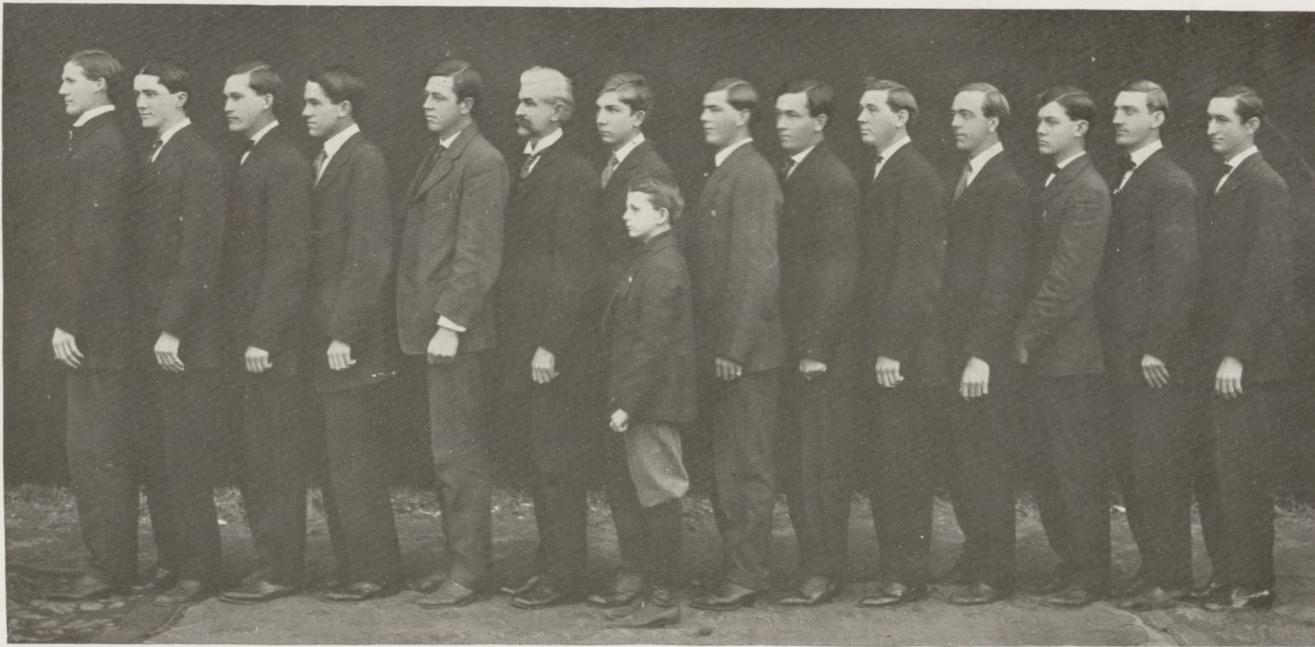
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Nobles, R. P. Johnson, C. D.



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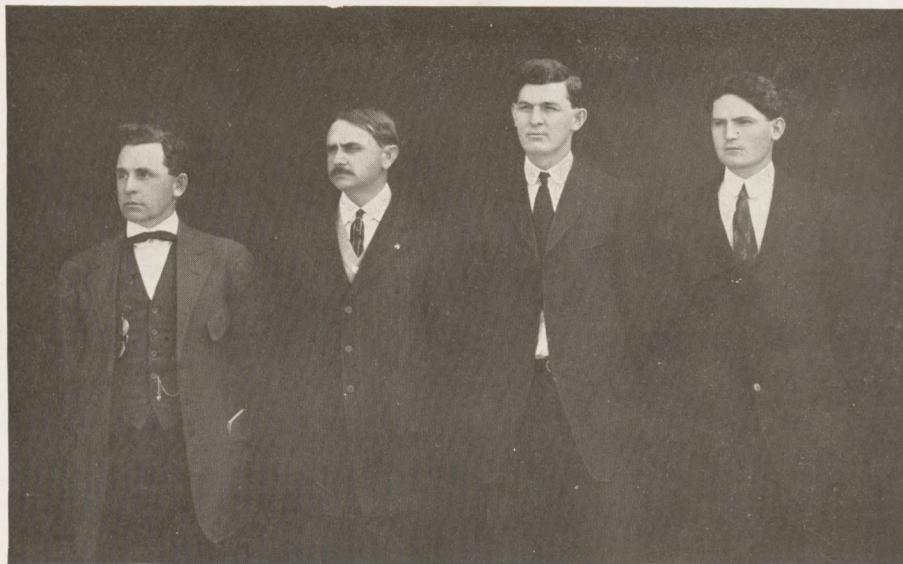
Spencer

Lambert



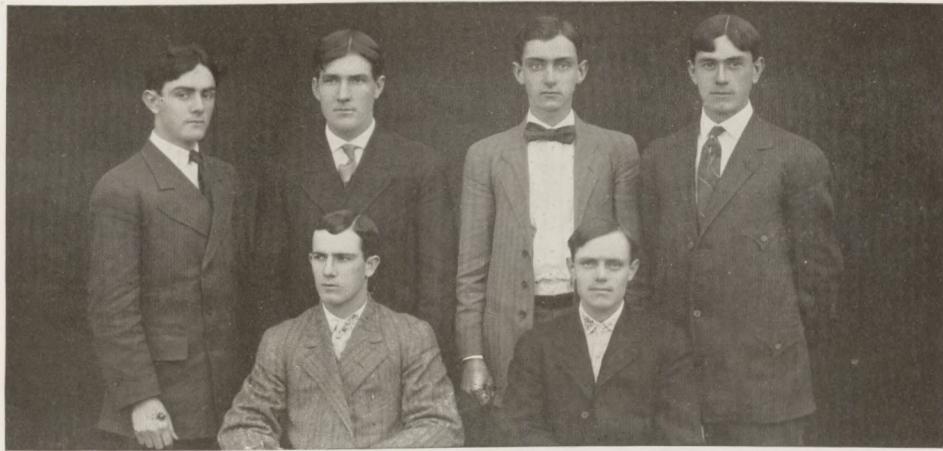
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	McDowell	Busby
	Sheppard	
	Oswalt	Thomas



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Russell, Hilton, Vice-President
J. C. Watson, Janitor

V. G. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer

ORDINARY MEMBERS

Horace Russell

P. H. Gill



NIGHT PROWLERS

Barber, J. M. Longino, Gresham—Chief Swipers. Mitchell—Chief Cook. Bates—Watchman.
Beard—Janitor. Blankenship, Saucier, Thompson—Scouts.
Lewis, M. B. Longino, Lee—Flunks.



HAPPY HOOLIGANS

Happy Hooligan Scruggs, President

Gloomy Gus Oliver, Vice-President

Fatty Stapleton, Secretary

MEMBERS

Smiling Charlie Johnson
Grinning Kethley

Sunny Jim Powell
Whistling Barber

Happy Go-lucky Bates
Loud Laughing James

Jolly Joe Mayfield



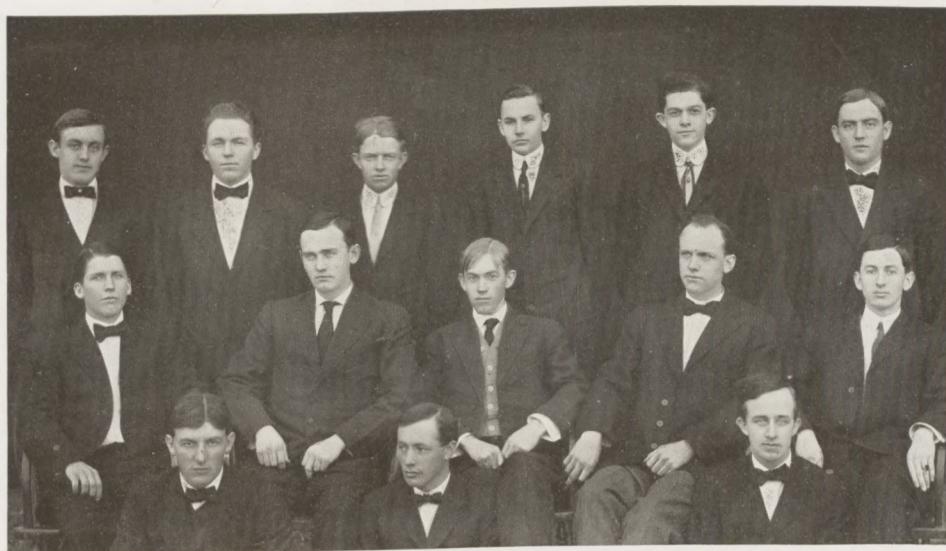
SURVEYING CLUB

H. C. Collins, Chief Manipulator
J. B. Dudley, Foreman of the Ax Gang

M. B. Casey, Captain of the Chain Gang
"Zed" Sharp, General Overseer

COMMON WORKMEN

Ashley Berry Burke, W. S. Carter Lowrey, J. J. Powell, H. W.
Rogers James Simmons, M. M. Simmons, S. M. Standifer



NEVER FAIL

W. L. Beard, President H. C. Stapleton, Vice-President R. B. Ray, Secretary and Treasurer
Bates Barber, I. I. Bridges Burford Emerson Hollowell, T. C.
Powell, H. W. Richards Stanley, J. C. Simmons, S. M. Washburn, N. I.



BRUSHY CREEK

J. V. Gates, President Barber, I. I.	C. J. Bates, Vice-President Milam	J. A. Collier, Secretary and Treasurer Furniss	Stapleton	Whittington
O'Quinn	Emerson			



PEE-WEES

W. B. Evans, Secretary Donnell,	E. M. Barber, Vice-President Kethley, W. M. Eager	Lackey	Mulherne	J. M. Longino, President Singletary, Wells Middleton, T. A.
		Parker		



DOUBTING THOMAS CLUB

Motto: "We believe nothing we hear, and darn little we see."

OFFICERS

Tom Ashley—Chief Doubter

Tom Barnett—Assistant Mogue

Tom Rhymes—Holder of the Doubts



PEDAGOGUES

Prof. Tom Ashley, High Councillor
G. M. Rogers, Zedical Substitute
J. L. Roberts, Chief Guide
J. J. Lowrey, Prof. of Indian Tongue

MINOR FACULTY MEMBERS

W. W. James J. M. Lassetter H. C. Steele J. M. Spain C. D. Lewis

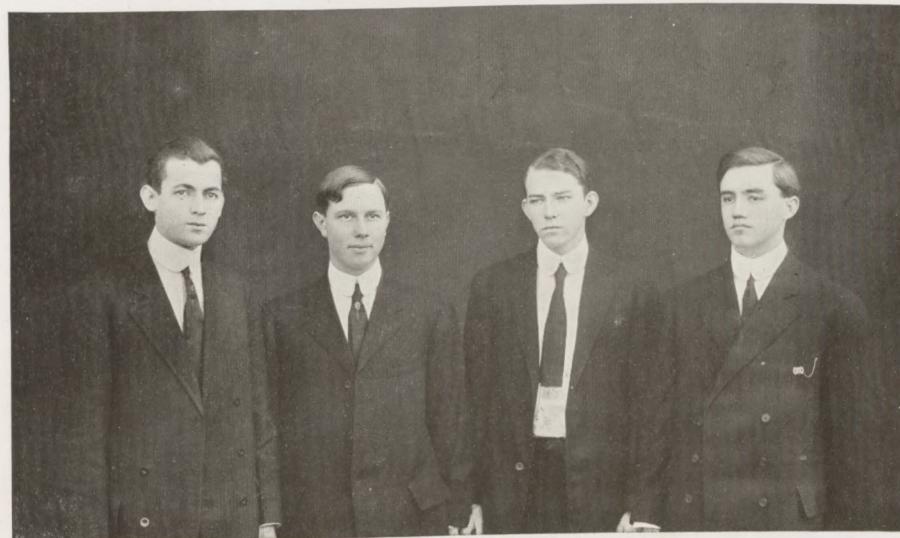


ORCHESTRA

Mrs. M. P. L. Berry, Piano

J. G. Chastain, Violin
J. J. Denson, Cornet

C. Blankinship, Trombone



JENNINGS HALL QUARTETTE

Ballard, Second Bass Schilling, Second Tenor St. John, First Bass Harpole, First Tenor

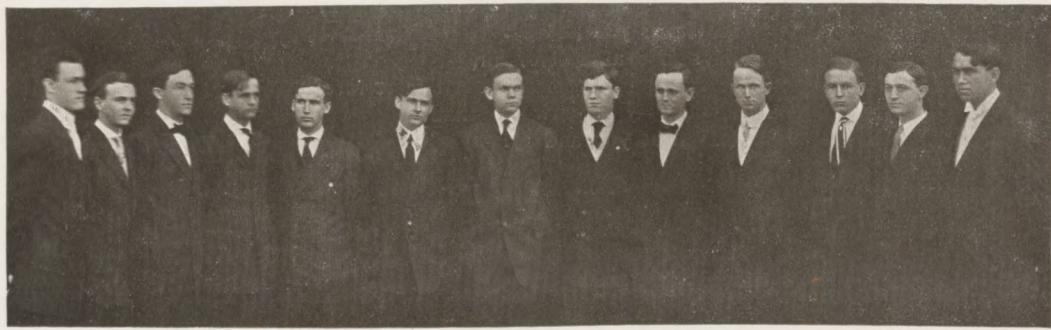


MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE BAND

Chastain
Bridges
Blankinship
Griffith, T. C.

Godbolt
Horn
Denson, Leader
McGehee
McLean

Polk
Schilling
Singletary
Smith



GLEE CLUB

Buchannan
Franks
Johnson, C. D.
Lewis, C. D.

Montgomery
Howell, R. W.
Noble
Oliver
Powell, R. L.

Rogers, L. L.
Stacy, A. J.
Webb, J. T.
Langford

I stood beside the sounding sea
As daylight darkened to gloom.
Saw the broad expanse of waters
And the base of heaven's dome.
On the wistful west horizon
Melt in evens golden glow.
Say the sun set on the ocean,
Heard the ocean holler Oh!



A Vampire

(*Not Kipling*)

I.

A Soph there was, and he made his prayer,
(Even as you and I).
To a pigskin oval, full of air,
But the Soph, he deemed it sport most rare,
And for its playing grew long hair,
(Even as you and I).

II.

O, the skin we taste, and the men we paste,
And the work of our head and hand
May only prove a stepping stone
To the pup who really gets the bone,
We tried so hard to land.

III.

A Soph there was, of good intent,
(Even as you and I).
At punting and tackling days he spent,
And nights he dreams what 'Varsity meant,
For a Soph will follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I).

IV.

Oh, the toil we lost, and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the man who delivered the goods,
Or at least, who the Coach thought delivered the goods
For the place we tried to land.

V.

The Soph was stripped of his "Sophish" hide,
(Even as you and I).
Which the Coach might have seen when he threw him aside,
But it isn't on record that the Coach even tried—
At least, that's what the Soph implied
(Even as you and I).

VI.

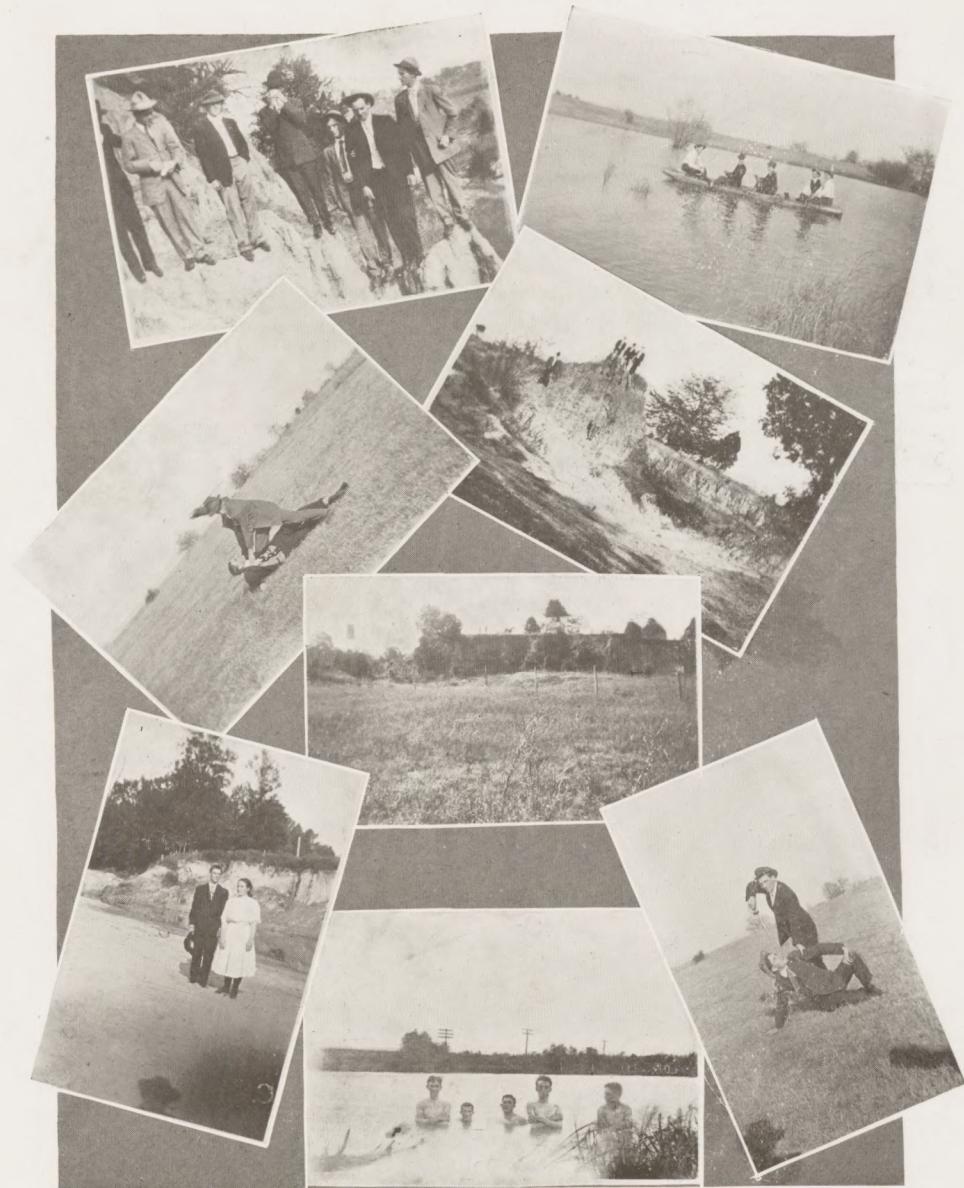
And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that no one knew
That we were the guys who were really due
The places we tried to land.

—J. J. L., '10.



OFFICERS

E. McMORRIES	<i>President</i>
B. L. BURFORD	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. V. GATES	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Langford, W. R.	Burford, B. L.
Epting, Jno. L.	Odom, H. T.
Horn, W. G.	Reeves, C. H.
Smith, Sam. J.	Oliver, M. L.
Powell, D. B.	Richards, H. C.
Middleton, T. A.	McMorries, E.
Busby, L. H.	Gates, J. V.





OFFICERS

C. D. LEWIS	President
J. L. BACKSTROM	Vice-President
W. R. LANGFORD	Secretary

MEMBERS

P. M. Lee	M. B. Montgomery
W. F. Davis	C. H. Crump
J. M. Lassetter	J. P. Powell
R. R. Hardy	T. J. White
R. P. Noble	C. I. Laster
W. C. Seab	P. F. Williams
H. C. Collins	W. W. James
L. C. Franklin	D. L. St. John
W. G. McLain	W. Walton Gresham
J. A. P. C. Yerger	P. K. Chadwick
V. D. Stone	W. L. Beard
C. D. Johnson	J. J. Henderson

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT AS SENT HOME.

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT AS HE SPENT IT.

Borrowed \$10.00 on watch and ring till May check comes.

Balance on hand

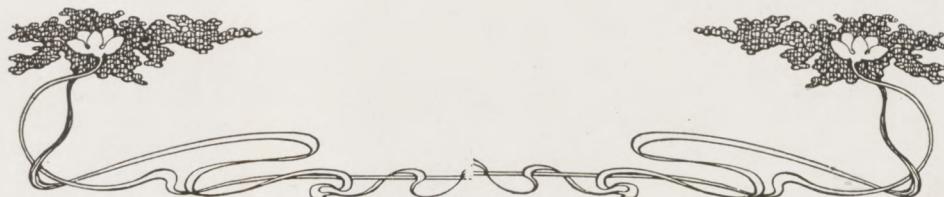
\$64.30

Puck's Playthings

When Prof. or "guy,"
Or maid, imply,
We suit to Puck's mortal class;
We pout and say,
That we won't play
And then renege, or pass.
But honest now, it's sad yet true,
I sometimes play the fool. Do you?

A dark, dark night.
No Prof. in sight.—
A bunch of fellows fine.
To you it falls,
To get the fouls.
And you—of course, decline.
Well maybe so; yet sad, though true.
I sometimes play the fool. Don't you?

A rocking chair,
A maiden fair,
A dream of lips and eyes—
It's pleasant fear,
Those dimples dear
To—well, say eulogize.
But on the square, it's sad, yet true,
I sometimes play the fool; you, too.—J. J. L., '10.



The Things That Are Caesar's

(Delivered by P. H. Lowrey in Mississippi College Chapel.)
(January 17th, 1910.)

The subject on which I shall address you this evening is an old one. It is a theme on which thousands of speeches have been delivered every year for the last half century. However, I make no excuse and render no apology for using it. It seems to me preeminently proper for the young manhood of Mississippi to discuss this subject, for it concerns Mississippi more than anything else in her history. My theme is—Jefferson Davis.

Myriad orations, purporting to prove him innocent or guilty of treason, have been made by his friends and enemies. Statesmen and school-boys have treated and mistreated the theme until it has become trite. However, most of these speakers have either indulged in glowing panegyric or bitter invective; fulsome praise of burning criticism. No one has ever faced the question squarely, and without prejudice or passion, followed facts to a logical conclusion. Bishop Galloway, that grand old man of Mississippi, has come nearer giving a calm and judicial estimate of the character of Jefferson Davis than any other person alive or dead. It would be rank presumption for me to attempt a speech on a subject that his penetrating mentality has so fully fathomed. However, it was neither the purpose or the province of his speech to deal with the phase of this man's career, that I am about to introduce to you, otherwise I should not burden you with this rehearsal of facts. Unbiased by sectional feeling and with absolute freedom from provincial sentiment, let us follow the trail of truth wherever it may lead us. We shall not dare to say anything that is false, or fear to say anything that is true. If iconoclasm is necessary, we shall break the idols in the temple of tradition and set up new gods. Fearless and with consummate frankness, let us meet this one question—"Was Jefferson Davis a traitor?" Within the last year he has been charged with this crime on the floor of Congress. Northern press, pulpit and people have been thus accusing him for half a century. It seems to me that the time is ripe for someone to meet the issue. We do not attempt to controvert the charge. We simply array the facts. Our one desire is to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

I shall assume in the beginning that the South had the constitutional right to leave the Union. No statesman today, be he ever so sectional, denies this fact. Abraham Lincoln admitted the right on the floor of Congress, thirteen years before the war. The son of General Grant admits it now. Our own government, under President Roosevelt's administration, instituted a secession in Columbia that was an exact parallel to that of 1861, and we sent our Navy to enforce this secession. Furthermore, certain Northern States threatened to secede time and again before Jefferson Davis was born. They threatened to secede when he was an infant one year old; again when he was a child three years old; again when he was a boy six years old; again when he was a youth eleven years old; and still again when he was a man thirty-seven years of age and sitting in the Congress of his country. They cannot claim this right themselves and then deny it to the South. These things within themselves free Jefferson Davis from every taint of treason. But, having established the right, let us proceed one step further.

I hold that it was not only a right, but an absolute necessity. It was our sacred duty to posterity.

So utterly unfair were the Northern States in the administration of government that we were forced to secede, or cringe in servility. The Southerner is humble, sirs, but he does not cringe like a cur; he is kindly, but he does not bend before despotism. Self-preservation de-

manded that we should leave the roof of our fathers. We were not prodigals; we left the house of our ancestors with tears upon our cheeks and sadness in our hearts. The south tried to avert disintegration by conceding every possible point. The very concessions only created a greater selfishness, and an insatiable desire for domination on their part. The more we gave the more they demanded. At last it became unbearable. The South had no alternative. Her only honorable course was secession. Thank God she did not debase her honor!

Easily could I enumerate half a hundred instances in the history of the last century, to prove our desire to perpetuate the Union. Everyone of them also serves as a proof of the injury and wrong to which we were subjected. "Equal rights to all" is the key-note of our Constitution. No section of a nation should be crushed in order to elevate another section. All portions of the country should have equal privileges, equal laws and the same prerogatives. Did equality exist? Was a fair spirit manifest? Let us select six instances, no more flagrant than scores we might present. I shall select the following illustrations, and if these six instances are conclusive proof of the necessity of our leaving the Union, no man can call Jefferson Davis a traitor: (1), Tariff; (2), Unequal distribution for expenditures; (3), Who held the reins of government?; (4), Slavery; (5), Unselfish Virginia; (6), Unjust and unequal grants.

TARIFF

To protect the infant industries, the South had agreed to protective tariff. But in 1860, the infants had grown into ravenous monsters. The South, seeing that the original purposes had been accomplished, demanded that tariff be abolished. Fairness, right and the constitution were on her side. Legislative majorities were on the side of the Northern segment of states. To show the burning injustice of the scheme, let us assume an example in 1860. The Northern man clips a thousand bales of wool; the Southern man picks a thousand bales of cotton. So far they are even. Now let each send his thousand bales to the same coast market on the same day. The Northern man enters the harbor, sells his thousand bales of wool and his coffers clink with the coin of prosperity. But, the poor Southern man is stopped at the custom house. He is forced to give up four-hundred bales, for revenue, before he is allowed to land the other six hundred. Was this special privilege to none? Was this equal rights to all? Was it right for the South to submit to this? Was it right for her to remain in a government where injustice stalked abroad, devastating her land, where right was an unknown quantity and equity a farce? I say, was it fair? Was it justice? Yet the South submitted for the sake of Union. Jefferson Davis, sitting there in the Senate, counselled her to bear this wrong, rather than leave the House of her Fathers.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

The South paid her pro rata share into the Treasury. But the lion's share always fell to the North in the distribution. Economic conditions, at the beginning of the war, which I shall cite presently, established this beyond the ghost of a doubt. But the South murmured not. Rather than precipitate war, she chose to walk the way of hardship. Her policy was peace.

WHO HELD THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT?

Look in the records of Congress just previous to the war. Who held the reins of government? Who dominated the committees? What was the fate of every bill introduced by a Southerner? These records are eloquent in behalf of the outraged South. Might made right. Northern majorities ignored justice and instituted a regime of iniquitous arrogance unworthy of the French Revolution. Reason was hurled from her throne,

and the imposter-prejudice, ruled with iron hand. Still the indignant South held her peace.

SLAVERY.

Slavery was not the direct cause of war, but without it the conflict could have been averted until the present century. The relative positions of the two sections is not universally known. The South is always credited with the institution of this evil. Such is not the case. I affirm that the North sold to the South every slave that she ever owned, except a few brought over by foreign powers. Northern ships, owned by Northern capitalists and manned by Northern seamen brought this iniquity to our shores. Not a single Southern man ever owned a slave ship. Not one of these ships was ever manned by a Southern crew. It was contrary to our wish and antagonistic to our ethical beliefs that they were imported here. I challenge all mankind to deny these facts or produce evidence to the contrary. It cannot be produced.

The South remonstrated against this commerce in vain. It was a source of wealth that the Northerner, in his greed for gold, was loath to abandon. When we broke the bonds that bound us to England, the South desired to end this traffic in human souls. A Southern man then introduced a bill to prohibit this slave trade. The South, sirs, had a conscience, and it was her desire to stop this crime. But the North, the intensely mortal North, the Puritanic North, the North that afterwards heralded abolition throughout the world and sent John Brown to free the blacks and instigate them to rapine and murder,—this North, I say, opposed the bill. My Southern friends, the South suffered long and was kind. She agreed to a compromise. But in 1808, a Southerner being President, the slave trade was stopped forever. The South had agreed to its continuance until this time, simply and solely to promote peace and save the Union.

UNSELFISH VIRGINIA.

To secure harmony, and as an estimate of her value of the United States, Virginia, a Southern State, ceded to all the states, for their common benefit, a magnificent region, from which were ultimately carved Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota. It was a veritable empire in itself. Virginia had won it and defended it with her own heart's blood. But, prodigal of her own welfare, when she could help her sisters, she divided her treasure among them all. Then, after a few years, the North, who had sold Virginia her slaves, said with a cynical sneer—"Virginia, you shall not bring your slaves—the ones we sold you—into this territory that you gave us." Virginia and the long suffering South did not desire war, did not desire a demolished Union. They bowed beneath the yoke of sectional despotism and turned the other cheek.

UNJUST AND UNEQUAL GRANTS.

The two-hundred and seventy millions of acres of land, granted by Virginia to the sisterhood of states, was managed so as to benefit one part of the country and harm the other.

Millions of acres of this land were granted to Northern railroads. Not one acre was ever granted to a Southern railroad.

Millions of acres were given to certain Northern states for internal improvement. Not one acre was ever given to a Southern State.

Thousands of acres were given to Northern schools and corporations. Not one foot was ever given to a Southern school or corporation.

And yet Virginia, a Southern State, had granted every foot of this land—and granted it for the benefit of all. O! Virginia, unselfish Virginia, why did you cast your pearls before swine. Yet the South still bore all this. She still hoped for the dawn of a better day. But the sunlight of that day was destined never to gladden her eyes.

Crushed beneath our burdens of tariff, while the North went free; standing in the realization of the fact that we were robbed by unequal distribution of public funds; goaded by factions in power; mistreated and grossly misrepresented in our every relation to slavery; our unselfishness only sharpening the edge of their greed; lands that a Southern State had given to all being used so as to strengthen one section and weaken the other, looking in the face of all this and other untold injustice, was it not the right thing for us to leave the Union. We were supposed to have equal rights dealt out to us. We failed to receive them. Having the right to leave the Union, without even a provocation, we desired to remain, even after this wild rule of unfairness and iniquity. But they desired, as one of their senators expressed it, "A little blood letting."

The sentiment of abolition began to pervade the country. Sectional hate was abroad in the land. Societies were formed to free the slaves. Corrupt demagogues, in search of place and power, fanned the flames of hatred. Friendship has hurled from her pedestal; kindly feeling was driven into exile and love was banished.

Storms of fanaticism swept the nation. John Brown fitted out a band of raiders and invaded the peaceful South. In the name of God, was this thing just? Yet the South still tried to show the Christian spirit. She was willing to forgive even this savagery.

At last, seeing that the final vestige of hope was gone, South Carolina left the Union. The North began to rise in arms. The awful rumble of war was heard. Drums were beating. Troops were marching. The other states began to leave the Union. Mississippi among them. Jefferson Davis heard this sovereign call and answered "I am here."

Still the South did not want war. She simply craved the privilege and the right that was her's—that of being left unmolested. There she knelt in her dark Gethsemane and murmured "Let this cup pass."

But the North prepared to invade. Her armies were marshalled before our gates. The South prepared for defense. Jefferson Davis might still have left the country and thus escaped this charge of treason. But he rather "chose to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin even for a season."

On came the host of Northern invasion. The Southern men leaped to arms in defense of home and loved ones. Odds were against us. We had no government, no army, no navy, no factories, no military stores, no credit abroad, nothing! The North had everything. And yet Jefferson Davis took the helm, and the peerless Gladstone, looking across the Atlantic, cried "Jefferson Davis has created a nation." It was the grandest defense in the history of humanity. And yet the little army of six hundred thousand finally melted away before the invading millions. Appomattox came. We carried our cross and ascended our Calvary. The dark night of reconstruction lowered over the stricken South, and the Carpetbaggers, like the Roman soldiers, cast lots for her garments.

Jefferson Davis was imprisoned, denied a trial and hand-cuffed like a common ruffian. He was indicted for treason. One-hundred thousand dollars had been offered for him as an assassin. Why was all this perpetrated on this innocent man? Because he had acted on a constitutional right and left the United States, and because he had dared to defend his roof and his family against a death-dealing invasion. Never was he allowed a trial. The Federal government knew that the men who wore judicial ermine would not swear the lie essential to finding Jefferson Davis a traitor.

There lay our leader in prison. The blight of disease was on him. No man had ever been subjected to more injustice, yet as he lay there he murmured, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

And still they charge this man with treason. If you were a traitor, Jefferson Davis, then my highest ambition in life is to be a traitor to the land I love. We are the young men of the South. We look back upon your memory and swear that as long as our hearts beat within our bosoms, as long as a drop of Southern blood careers along our veins, just so long will we defend you and honor your sacred memory. And your own Mississippi rises and with a million voices cries—"We find no fault in this man."

We will prepare for the Judgement Day when:

Johnson fails to work the boys.
Zed quits blowing.
"Little Bill" gives an easy exam.
C. D. Johnson stays away from the "cedars" a day.
Franklin stops politicking.
"Cat" Hollowell is no longer a ladies' man.
A. A. Stanley is not tardy at the class.
McMorries ceases to visit the "Spottery."
Ajax plays football.
Hemphill pays his debts.
Porter Berry can talk.
Jinks Lowrey becomes private secretary.
James learns to write.
Crawley hasn't got the big head.
"Buck" uses his tongue less.
Richards doesn't go to the 'Stute.
Zeus gets in a hurry.
Dr. Spot grades Ethics papers.
Barber quits asking questions.
Chastain doesn't try to imitate Mrs. Berry.
C. M. Rogers learns to wait on a table.
Watson can speak English.
Gresham doesn't slip off to Jackson.
Harry Cooper fails to lead his class.
Prof. Wallace asks pointed questions.
P. H. Lowrey frazzles out.
Red Smith and Zed are pals.

"Stute" Carter is not smutty.
Henderson quits "cussing."
Rogers, G. M. quits sporting.
Webb Lee passes on an exam.
Pate whips Fitzsimmons.
McLaurin, H. T. makes sub. on R. F. D. route.
"Skinny" Lewis weighs two hundred.
Seab gets his picture in the funny paper.
Beard finishes in art.
Horace Jehu McLaurin becomes baseball manager.
M. B. Montgomery quits talking about Zazoo City millionaires.
Kent Harpole quits "buttin' in."
"Doc" Noble spends a nickle.
Bill Burgin ceases to flirt with the ladies.
Tom Furniss fails to tell of his past experience.



Bureau of Information

Dear Mr. Editor—Can you give me a prescription for Philomathean pie?

—Mayhall.

Ans.—Firstly, support Franklin, secondly, support Franklin, thirdly, support Franklin.

Dear Editor—I am a candidate for relative degree. It seems there is some conflict in getting in my points. What suggestion would you offer.—Schilling.

Ans.—Keep Pool on probation as long as possible, then, you must learn to play marbles and spin a top.

Editor—How shall I be an ideal husband?—"Coach" Richards.

Ans.—By cultivating an artistic talent for music.

Dear Editor—Above all things I want to stand in with the ladies. Can you help me in any way?—John "Buck."

Ans.—Well, you may cultivate a peculiar manner of speech or a way of swinging the arms when walking and be sure that you are always a ready and waiting political agent.

My Dear Editor—I am writing a speech on the constitutional amendment. I am sure, when it goes to press, a convention will be called to effect an amendment. I just can't find a stopping place. Please tell me how to quit.—Trussell.

Ans.—We must say that you have a very peculiar situation on your hands, but put it, of course, in the form of peroration that you believe like Patrick Henry, Gladstone, Vardaman, Rousseau, Roosevelt, John Locke and all other great American statesmen—"Give me liberty, or give me death." "I come to bury Caesar and not to praise him." "Jeffersonian Democracy is what I advocate." "Hell, fellow citizens, take heed, take heed."

Editor—How shall I win the long coveted love of some of the Campus boys.

—Cain.

Ans.—Firstly, let Seab win championship over you, and if this doesn't serve, try "doping" three or four of them about twice a week.

Mr. Editor—I want to know how to keep the ladies from going "daffy" about me. The high society lady, the Stute girl and Stute teacher have all come under my charming influence. I can't love them all, hence it pains me to see fair ladies go down broken-hearted. What shall I do?—Pate.

Ans.—We have seen that you are quite a favorite with the ladies, but didn't know that it had become so serious. Mr. Davis, however, says that love can only be controlled indirectly by cognition. So we advise that you do not impose your lovable nature on the fair ladies of the community.

Dear Mr. Editor—I have been speaking for four years on the subject of immigration, entitled: "The dumping ground." To my surprise, it has failed to arouse the people of the United States or even Mississippi. Please point out the fault with my speech.—Franklin.

Ans.—We do not know the content of your speech, but judging from the title, we would think that you have taken the subject too literally and the speech is, probably, the recipient.



THE HARP OF LOVE.

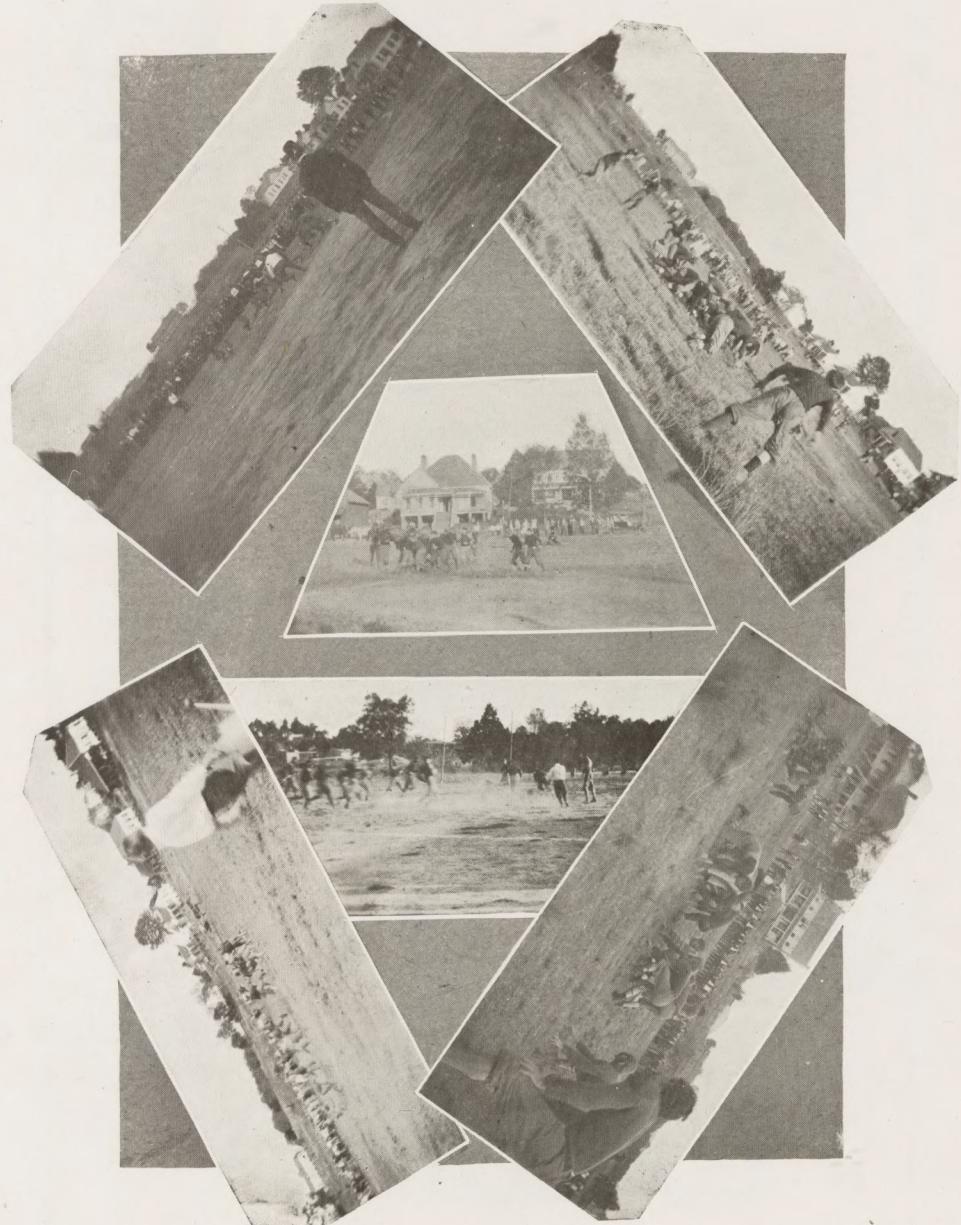
The Master used the harp of love,
Life's harmonies to teach;
His melodies of grace divine,
The hardest hearts could reach.

The instrument the Master used
Lies in our hands to-day;
We, too, could wake the same sweet strains,
If we would but assay.

—A. J. A.







The Bumps, But Not the Dumps

Well, I'm feelin' sort of blinky,
And I'm feelin' sort or bad;
And the things I thought were dinky
Need a solar plexus pad.

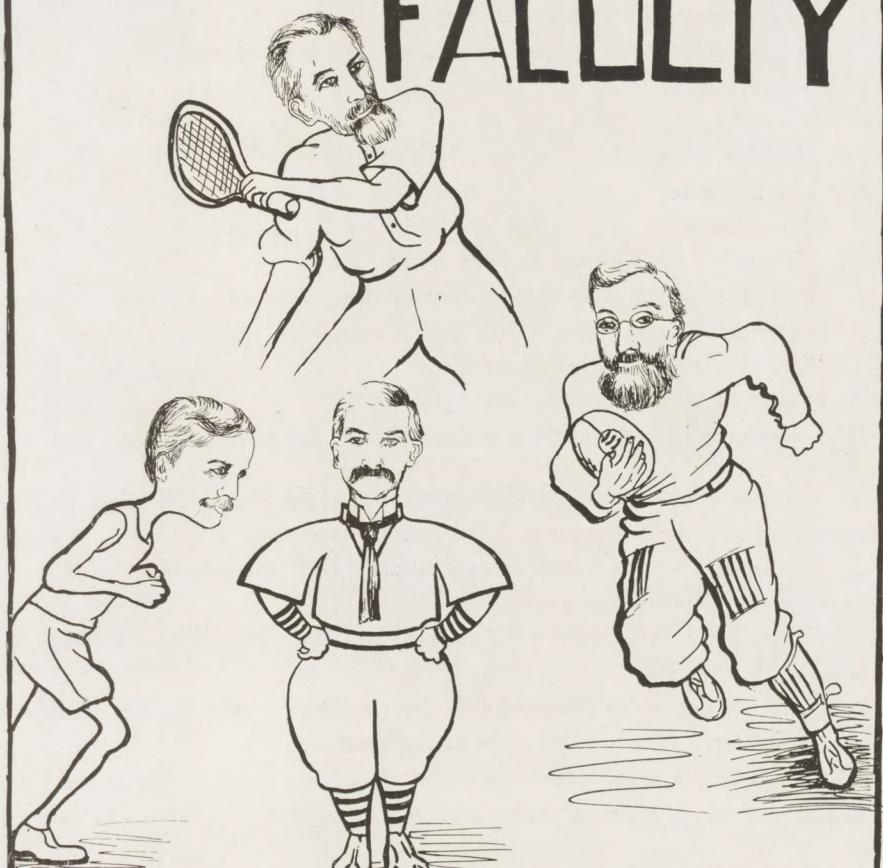
Oh, my plans were palpitatin'
Like a Spanish serenade!
Till they slipped a cogitation,
And the very Pluto played!

Why, I thought, by gosh! I'm flyin'
And I might have thought so yet,
If my mental aeroplane
Hadn't turned a summerset!

But I'd rather fall a flying
Than to fail to fly at all;
And in want of a parachute
I can use a parasol.

Then succumb, my collucation,
To this concolation, found,
Better to've flown and lit than
Never to have left the ground!

OUR FACULTY



ATHLETES

Sadie Riser '10.

Concerning Athletics in Mississippi

I. Our experience and observation have convinced us thoroughly that it is impossible to arouse a general spirit of athletics in a college without inter-collegiate athletics.

II. We sincerely believe that a general spirit of athletics prevents in a large measure the following evils:

1. Card playing and other sedentary games.
2. Indulgence in coco-cola and other useless and harmful drinks.
3. Tobacco using.
4. Vulgarity.
5. Irregular hours.
6. Licentiousness.
8. Other forms of intemperance and evil.

III. Therefore we feel sure that we have:

1. Far less gambling with inter-collegiate athletics than we would have without it.
2. Better health and physical development among the students.
3. Less extravagance in money spending.
4. Better morals in thought, words and deeds.

IV. Under our present methods and policies the following facts have come to be true:

1. Compared with other institutions in and out of the State, Mississippi College is having excellent success in winning and holding patronage.
2. Never before in her history has she attracted such a large proportion of students who are really ready for college work.
3. Never before in her history did she have so large a proportion of students doing good work in their studies.
4. Never before in her history did she have so large a proportion of students who are clean, moral, manly, promising, christian gentlemen.
5. Never before in her history did she have as large a senior class as she has this session, and they are a group of men of whom any college on earth might justly feel proud.

We are getting results, can we not be trusted to arrange details?

Signed:

W. T. LOWREY	A. J. AVEN
H. F. SPROLES	E. GODBOLD
J. W. PROVINE	P. H. EAGER
J. M. SHARP	G. H. BRUNSON
J. L. JOHNSON, JR.	M. LATIMER
J. T. WALLACE	P. W. BERRY
W. H. WEATHERSBY	



FOOT-BALL

Mississippi College Football

SEASON 1909

OFFICERS

E. McMORRIES
DR. KERN

*Manager
Coach*

VARSITY

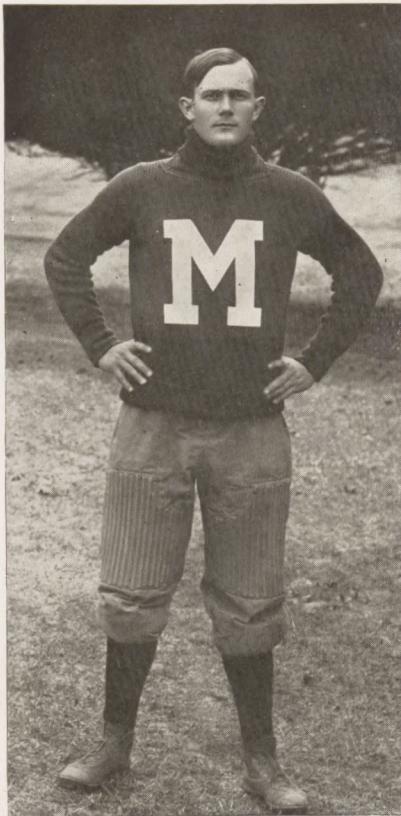
	C. Blankinship, Half Back, (Captain)	
Donnell, Left End	Carter, Right Guard	Ballard, Left Half Back
Hartzog, Left Tackle	Gates, Right Tackle	Buchannan, Full Back
Middleton, Left Guard	Burford, Right End	Lowrey, P. H. Quarter
Schilling, Center		

SUBSTITUTES

Lowrey, J. J.	McMorries	Simmons
Emerson	Wiseman	Oswalt
St. Clair	McLain	

SCHEDULE

Mississippi College	29	vs.	French Camp Academy	0
Mississippi College	6	vs.	University of Memphis	5
Mississippi College	94	vs.	Chamberlain-Hunt Academy	0



BLANKINSHIP, Captain



MISS EAGER, Sponsor

Football

Our 1909 football team is by far the best M. C. has ever produced. Since 1907, we have seen the interest in football increase rapidly at M. C. From our showing this year, we see that soon we will have developed a team strong enough to cope with any in the South. We realize that a good football team cannot be put out in a single season, but that it must grow gradually as any other branch of athletics.

This year more interest has been manifested in football than ever before, and the result is that we put out a strong team. Dr. Kern showed by his coaching that he knew a football player and knew how to get the best results out of him. He coached our team to victories that put it in a higher class than it has ever been in before, and the other schools of the state now see that they have not only to keep their eyes on M. C.'s baseball team, but have to keep a close watch on her football team also.

Under the management of Edwin McMorries, our football team is now at the front. Clyde Blankinship, our plucky captain, made everyone see that he was the man for the place. His men played for him like demons and where he led they followed. His dodging and squirming through an open field is unsurpassed by any other player.



KERN, Coach



McMORRIES, Manager



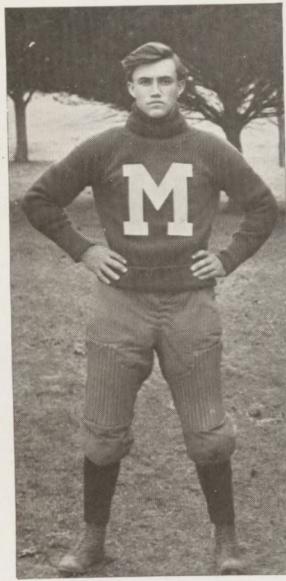
CECIL JOHNSON, Mascot



PERRIN LOWREY



GATES



BALLARD



MIDDLETON



DONNELL



CARTER



SCHILLING



HARTZOG



BUCHANNAN



BURFORD



WISEMAN



Jinks" LOWREY



ST. CLAIR



EMERSON



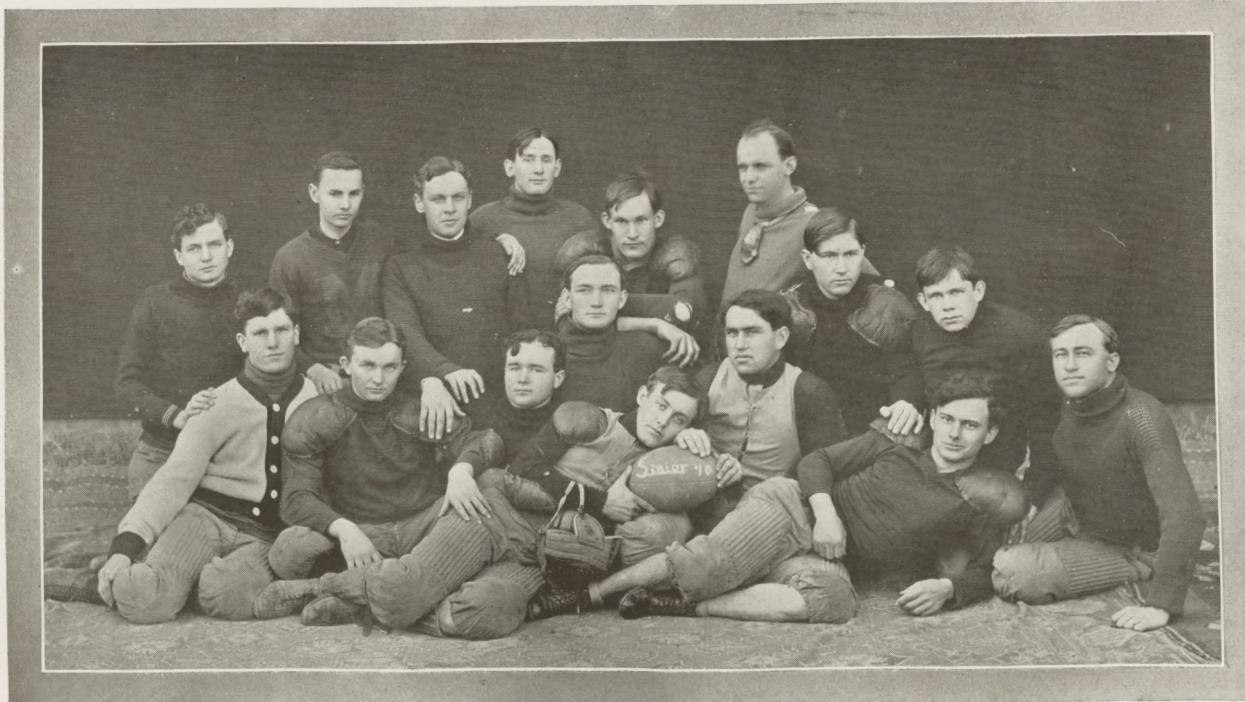
Mc LAIN



OSWALT



"Snake" SIMMONS



SENIOR FOOTBALL

J. V. Gates, Manager

B. L. Burford, Captain

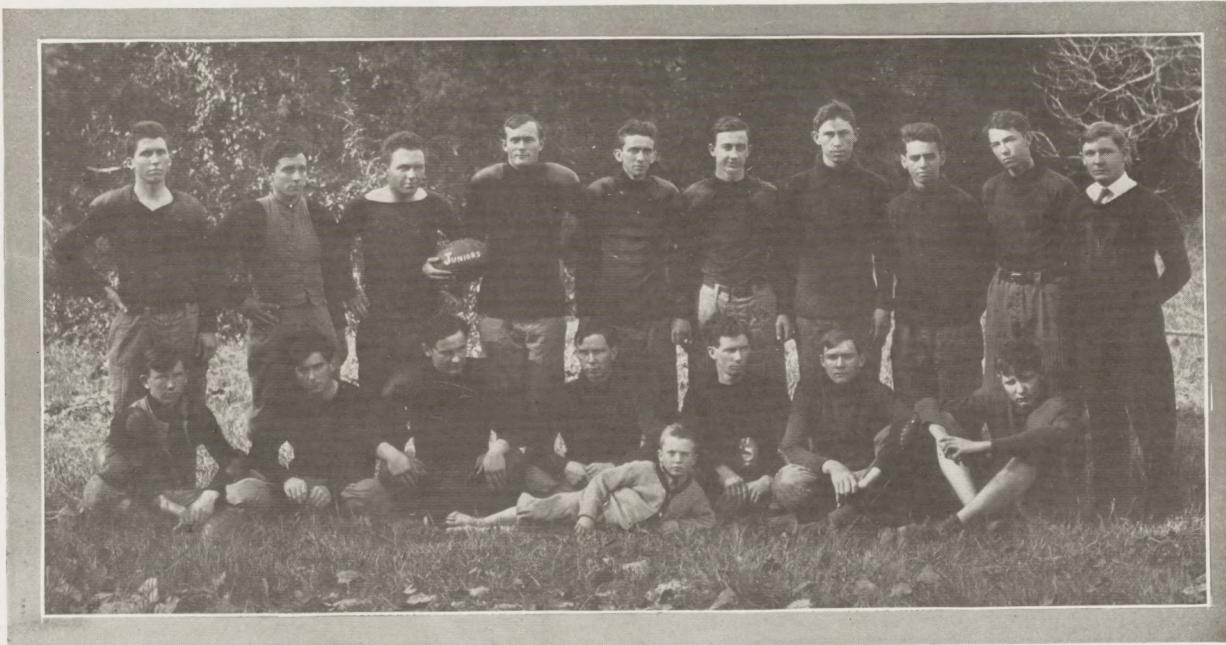
TEAM

Hollowell
Carter, J. G.
Davis
McLain

Middleton
Burford
Oliver
Buchannan

Iowrey
Gates
Lassetter
Gresham

Collins
Bridges
Lewis, C. D.
James



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

C. R. Hartzog, Manager

C. Blankinship, Captain

TEAM

Pate
Ray
Collier
Schilling

Stapleton
Wiseman
St. John
Stanley

Cannon
May
Beard
Milam

Webb
McLean
Lee



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL

W. O. Emerson, Manager

Douglas Ballard, Captain

TEAM

Halbert
Stanley
MartinAshford
Donnell
WatsonSkelton
Dale
WhittingtonLaseter
Martin
DeesRussell
Standifer
Aaron



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

A. D. Rogers, Manager

T. E. Simmons, Captain

TEAM

Bates
Simmons, J. M.
St. Clair

Oswalt
Henry
Priddy

Stringer
Mulherne
Griffith

Henson
Rogers
Denson



DORMITORY LIGHT WEIGHTS

T. E. Simmons, Manager

J. R. Stanley, Captain

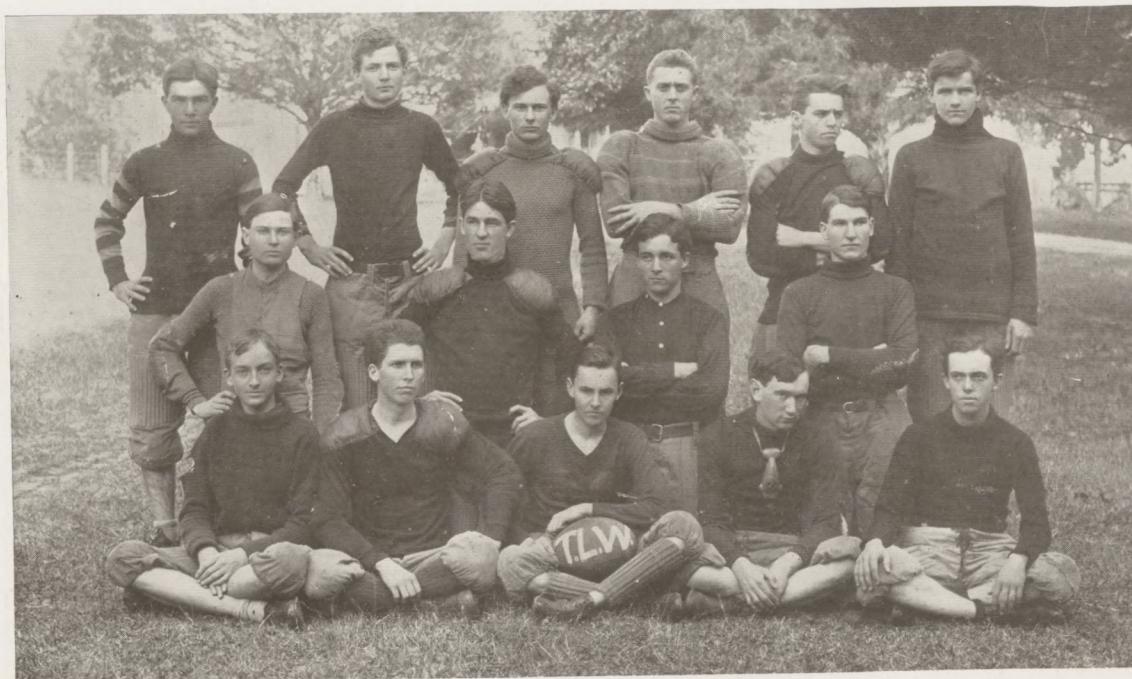
TEAM

Haltom
Coleman
Underwood
Lassetter

Gunn, E. A.
Mulherne, F. P.
Griffith, T. C.

Smith, N.
Stanley, J. C.
Parker

Richards
Griffith, W. H.
Gunn, W. W.



TOWN LIGHTWEIGHTS

W. W. Gresham, Manager

R. W. Bridges, Captain

TEAM

Beard
Eager
LeeEverett
Dees
McLeanCrawley
Yerger
OliverButler
Ashford



MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE MASCOTS



TENNIS

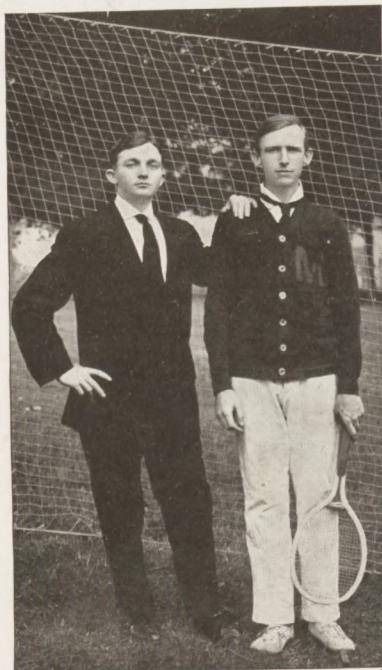
TEAM

Lassetter, J. M.
Lowrey, J. J.

Alliston, W. S.
Cain, J. I.

Mitchell, W. L.
Dees, R. E.

Seab, W. C.
Davis, W. F.



LASSETTER, Manager
CAIN, Winner of Singles

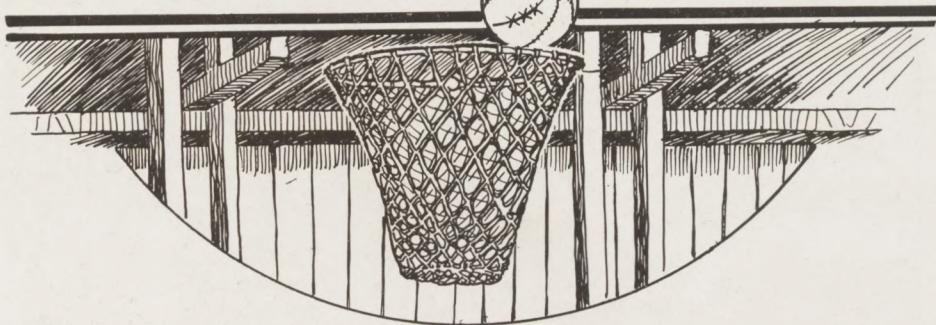


SEAB AND DAVIS
Winner of Doubles



163

VARSITY BASKET BALL



J. A. COLLIER
J. H. BUCHANNAN

Captain
Manager

VARSITY

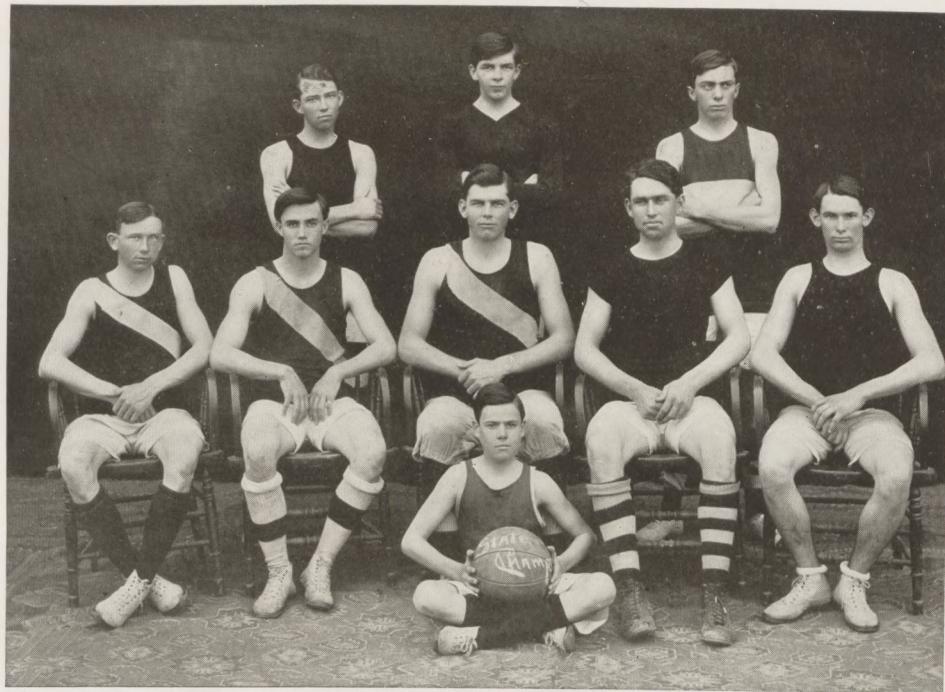
Simmons, J. M.
Collier
Davis
Buchannan
Ballard
Kethley

SCRUBS

Simmons, T. E.
St. John
Pope
Ellzey
Whittington

SEASON 1910

Mississippi College	18	vs.	University of Mississippi	10
Mississippi College	16	vs.	University of Mississippi	15
Mississippi College	24	vs.	Louisiana Industrial Institute	16
Mississippi College	25	vs.	Louisiana Industrial Institute	12
Mississippi College		vs.	University of Mississippi	(Cancelled)	
Mississippi College		vs.	Union University		(Cancelled)

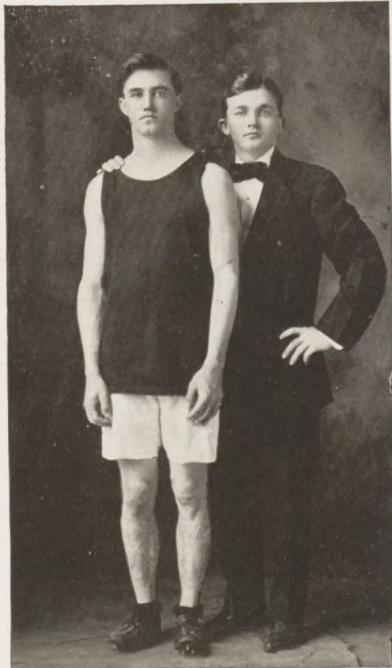


Mississippi College has held the championship of Mississippi in basketball for the last two years and this year more courts have been planted and basketball is now the best paying phase of athletics we have.

John "Buck" worked hard and faithful trying to arrange games, but he only succeeded in getting four. Many dates were cancelled by other schools, but despite this fact, M. C. never gave up, but worked as hard as if her schedule was complete.

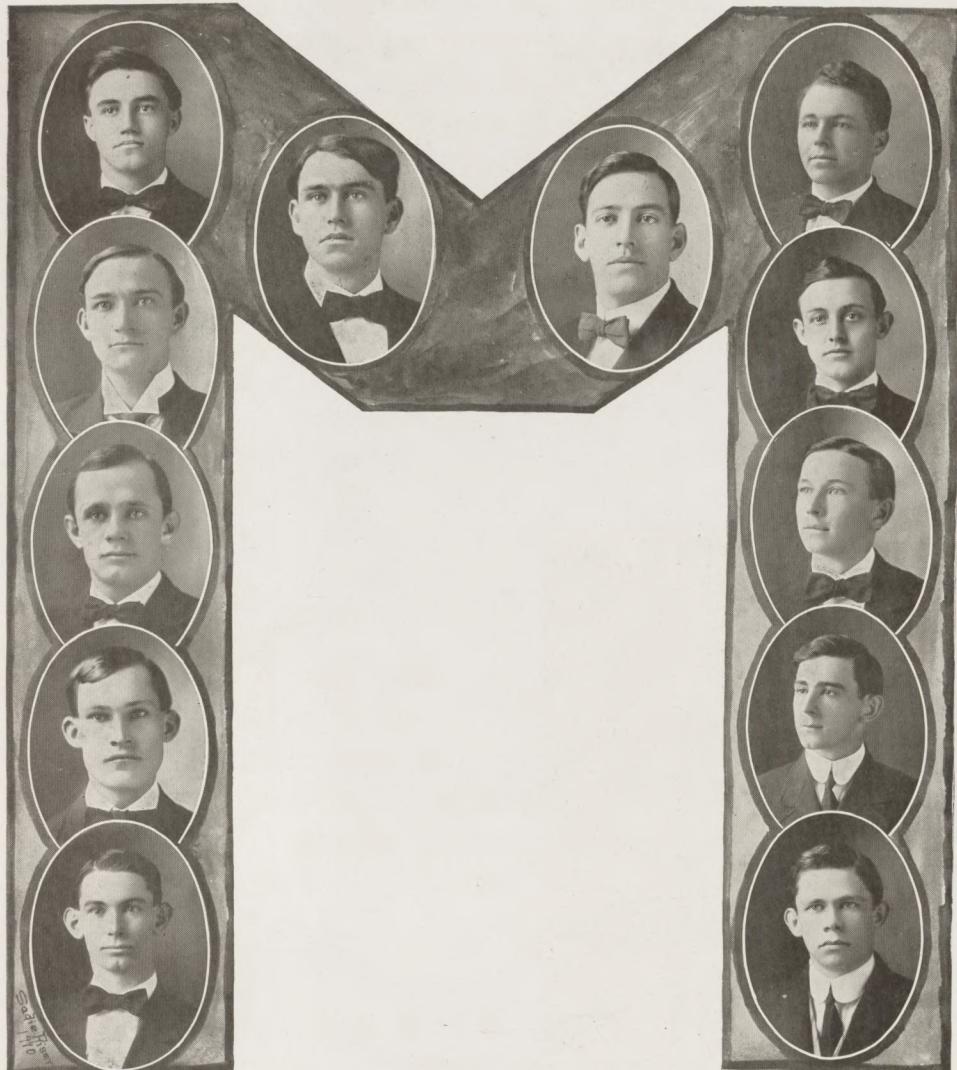
Ballard and "Buck" showed up well in all of the games and the result of their good playing is that M. C. holds the state championship in basketball for 1910. Davis was the find of the season, and although this is his first season in basketball, he did credit to O. D. Simmons "stamping ground." "Snake," our fast forward, was always at the right place at the critical moment and helped pile up the score for M. C. by his skillful passing. Captain Collier has shown himself to be the man for the place. He not only played his position as well as any man on the team, but his work in the official capacity contributed, in a large measure, in winning the games. All of our subs. were full of "grit" and Simmons, Pope, and St. John, although new to the game, played it like veterans. Our financial conditions are good for this season and we expect to have a coach and win the state championship again next year.

TRACK



LASSETTER, Manager
BALLARD, Captain

Prior to this session, little interest has been shown in Track athletics, but owing to the fact that arrangements have been made for an annual contest between the colleges of the state, there has been much interest manifested. With Manager Lassetter who has already won the five mile championship, and Captain Ballard, who is proving himself the man for the place, we feel certain that Track is a permanent phase of our athletics. Although beginning late, much good material has been developed, and by another year we will be able to compete with any college of the state when we meet them on the Track.



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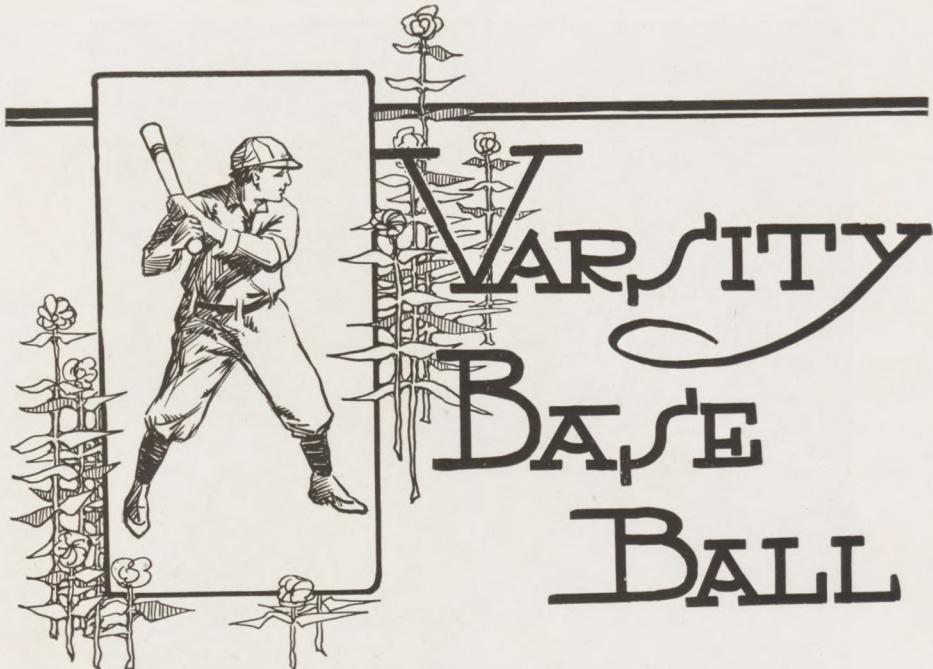
H. O. PATE	<i>Manager</i>
H. K. HARPOLE	<i>Captain</i>
PROF. G. H. BRUNSON	<i>Coach</i>

MEMBERS

J. H. Berry
C. Blankinship
G. H. Brunson
W. W. Gresham
R. B. Cooper
H. K. Harpole
J. L. Johnson, Jr.
W. R. Langford
M. B. Montgomery
R. P. Noble
H. O. Pate
J. P. Powell
R. L. Powell
T. W. Rhymes



169



MISS AVA WATKINS, Sponsor

Feb. 16th, Coach Carlos Smith of the Texas League, and a former student of this college, had a squad of at least forty-five men on the diamond hard at work for places on the team. In a few days he cut the squad to about twenty men, all of whom stood a good show for the team. With his keen baseball eye, he soon picked a squad of fourteen capable men to represent our college.

At the opening of the season we were afraid our ball team would be weaker this year than last, for we lost two of our best hitters, Trotter and Measeles, by graduation. However, we found that Bates, Wiseman, Flint, Ray, Barber, and "Cot" Stapleton were all in college ready to fill their respective places and with a score of good material to select from, our prospects begin to brighten. Manager "Sox" Gates has worked hard and faithful to put out a good team and with our heavy hitting Captain, "Jaeg" Flint, we are ready to open our season with L. S. U. and give them a run for their money. Such men as Bates, Flint, McGehee, and Hartzog can hit the best pitchers, and we do not fear to go up against the best teams of this state, while we ourselves have a pitching staff that is second to very few.



171

J. V. Gates, Manager

L. G. Flint, Captain

Carlos Smith, Coach

Miss Ava Watkins, Sponsor

TEAM

Catchers

Flint, Ray

Pitchers

McGenee, Gates, Nobles

Wiseman

Hartzog

Collier

Stapleton

Bates

Barber

Blankinship

Subs

Denson, Milam



SCRUBS

Ray
Magruder
Schilling

Burford
St. John
Haltom

McMorries
Hancock
Griffith

Cannon
Newman



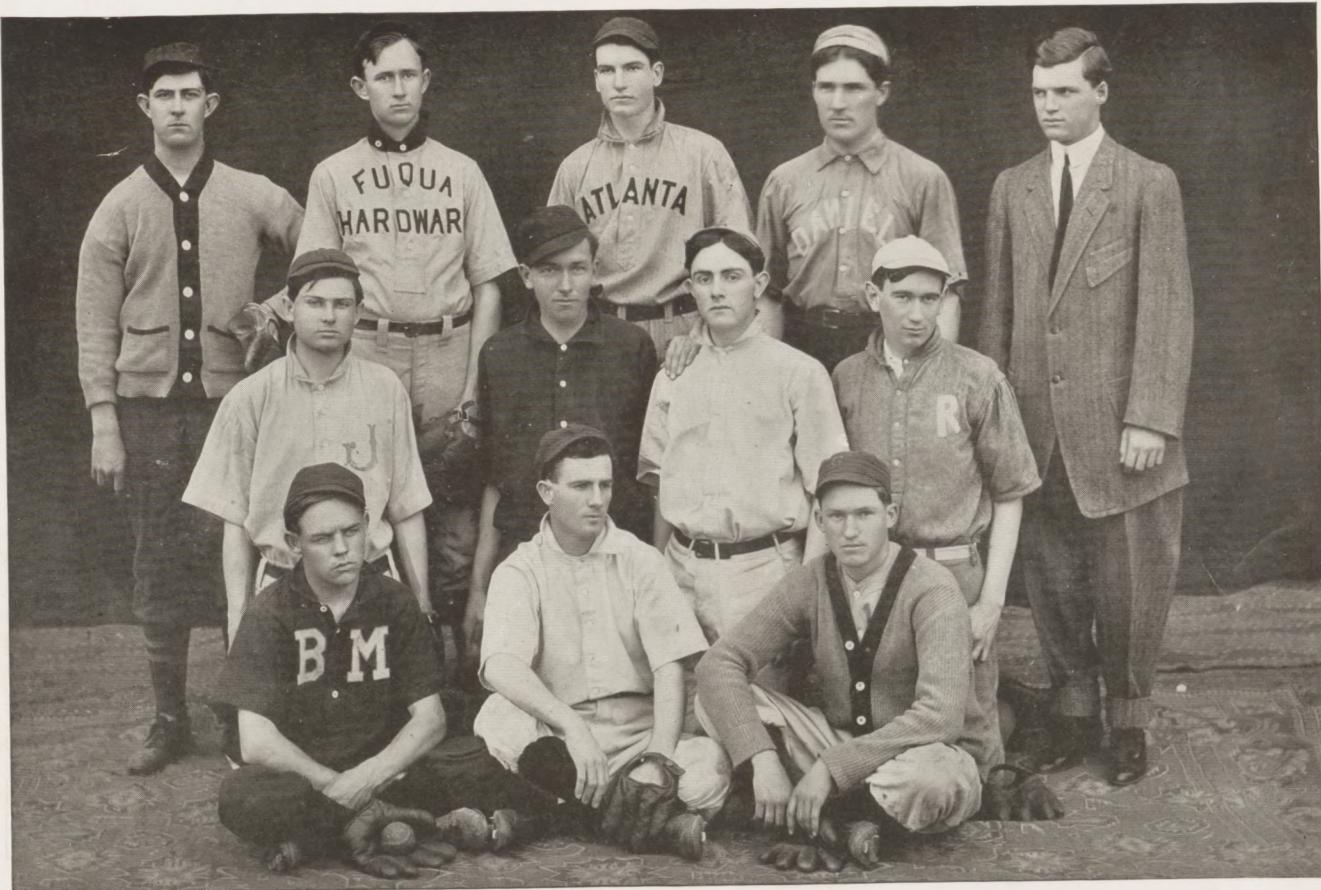
FRESHMAN BASEBALL

Flint
Polk
Bates
Underwood

Griffith
Horn
Denson
Massey

Parker
Simmons, J. M.
Hancock

Stringer
Wrav
Griffith, W. H.



SOPHOMORE BASEBALL

Ellzey
Eager
Thompson, Manager

Butler
Donnell
Aaron

Watson
Russell
Standifer

Newman
Russell



SENIOR BASEBALL

Oliver
Lowrey
Lewis, C. D.

James
Roberts
Buchannan

Johnson, Manager
Lassetter, Captain

Lewis, W. L.
Kethley



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Godbold
Gates

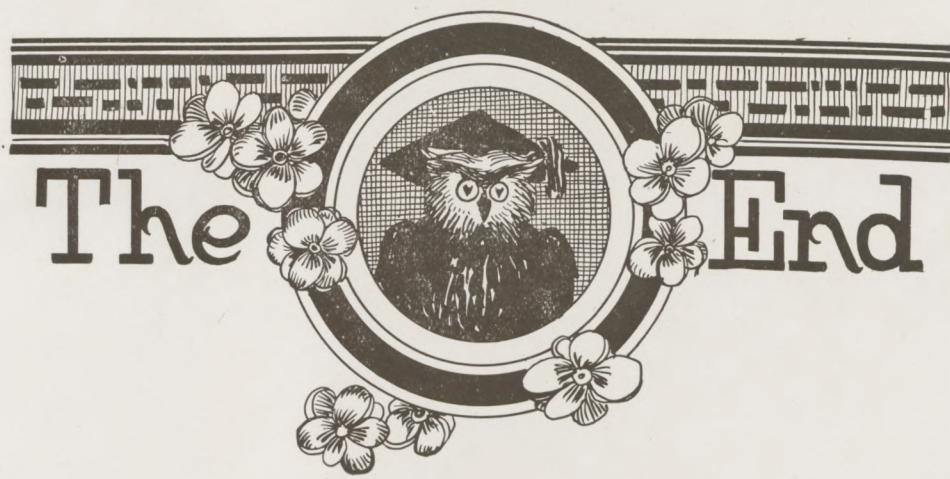
Johnson
McMorries

Hall

DESPAIR

Let the last light go
Let the cold wind blow
Let the darkest night shades fall
Let my soul lie prone
By the cold gray stone
Of my hopes' unsurmountable wall.

When you've told her the story her eyes said tell,
The story her tempting lips impel,
The story her dimples dared you tell,
If she reciprocate, its swell,
But vice versa ain't it—bad.



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Keep Going*



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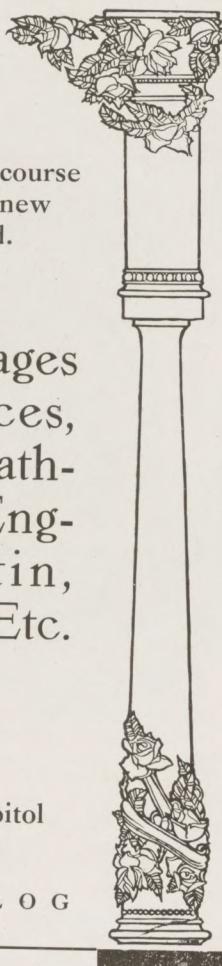
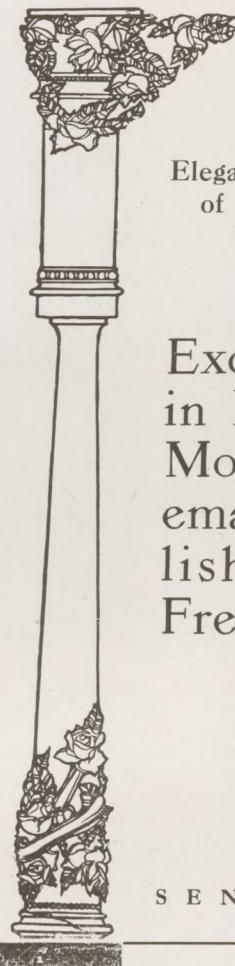
B. G. LOWREY, M. A. President

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A student is allowed to spend two years in the academic department and then by completing the first two years of the regular four year medical course, obtain the B. S. degree. This enables the one to devote more time in hospital work and also affords the proper preliminary training.

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E. F. ANDERSON, . Cashier

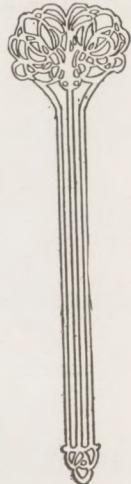
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Ar. Gulfport	12:30 P.M.	10:00 P.M.

No. 4 No. 6

Lv. Gulfport	7:40 A.M.	4:25 P.M.
Lv. Hattiesburg	10:30 A.M.	7:43 P.M.
Ar. Jackson	1:55 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

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1:40 P.M. Ar Gulfport	Lv 2:45 P.M.

No. 109 No. 110

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6:20 P.M. Ar Columbia	Lv 6:10 A.M.

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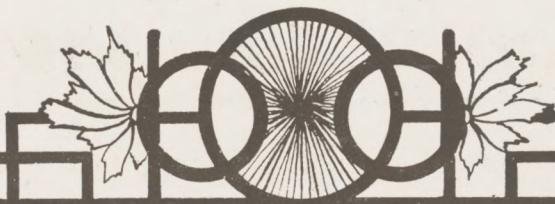
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